THE

ORIENTALIST

OR

ELECTIONEERING

IN

IRELAND

TALE

[illegible] SELF.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.—*Mart.*
Men and their Manners I describe.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
47, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
J. THOMSON & CO., EDINBURGH; WILLIAM GRIBBIN,
DUBLIN; AND SAMUEL ARCHER, BELFAST.

1820.

DEDICATION.

'Chi prospera, di rado conosce se stesso bene!

DEDICATIONS have again crept into fashion—I must write one for *my book*: to whom shall it be addressed?—to—

MYSELF.

DEAREST SELF!

SINCE the invention of letters, it hath been pretty customary for authors of every class to dedicate their writings to—somebody. For the last half hour I have reviewed in memory all the Peers

and Peeresses, Lords and Commoners, to whom I have the honour of being known, for the purpose of selecting one of the most exalted rank—conspicuous talent—eminent for learning, and of splendid fortune (wealth and *generosity,* —let me whisper you—being two indispensible qualifications in a *dedicatee).* But, upon due consideration, a compliment so distinguished, if paid to one individual, might reflect upon the remainder. I have therefore, to prevent jealousy, modestly chosen YOU as the person for whom in this world I have the highest regard, and to whom I am under the deepest obligation—albeit conscious that your pretensions to rank and talent are but slender; that, your learning, to my grief during my late labours I found shallow, and your wealth not incalculable—Yet, my dear Self! be

not disheartened by this public mention of your disqualifications; and I will in justice enumerate traits of character in which you are matchless—patience under adversity—perseverance in difficulties—you alone enabled me to overcome vexations arising from sterility of brain, and consequent irritability of temper.* However, my Self, do not, I pray you, suspect me of falling into the hacknied flatteries of a purchased dedicator; but be persuaded of my truth, when I assert that there lives not that person of whom a thorough knowledge would be to me of more inestimable value, or with whom I am so desirous to cultivate an intimate acquaintance; and further, let

* 'L'uomo puo a giusta ragione lodarsi quelle sue buone qualità che la gente non puo sapere che dalla sua propria bocca.'

me assure you, that such is my love and esteem for you, should malady, accidental or incidental to frail mortality, deprive the world of your virtues, and me of your countenance—I should not—for grief—survive

MYSELF.

THE

THE ORIENTALIST.

CHAPTER I.

'Sit mihi fas audita loqui——'
'What I have heard, permit me to relate.'

"ANY letters for me to-day, Mrs. Lucas?" inquired Doctor Butler, Dean of Corbally, as he entered the Post-office of Ballanaghiera.

"Yes, Sir—a large packet, free—will "your Reverence please to step into "the parlour, and take an air of the fire, "this cold morning?"

"Thank you—no—I shall not wait to "read all this letter"—glancing over a part of its contents, he continued "You are always so civil, Mrs. Lucas,

" you shall have the first account of the " *good news*—My Lord Clanroy writes " me word here, he will leave Dublin " in a few days for Glenarm Castle."

" I am entirely obliged to your Re- " verence, *that* is *news* indeed!—May I " make so free, Sir, as to ask if his Lord- " ship comes alone?"

Again perusing the letter, the Dean replied not. Mr. Wilder, junior, entering at the moment, said, " Good morn- " ing, Mr. Dean—is it true, that *your* " friend, Lord Clanroy's son, the Vis- " count Glenarm, intends to stand for " this county at the ensuing election, in " opposition to *my* friend Jesswunt?"

" Certainly, Mr. Wilder,—and I trust " with every prospect of success— " should have been added—had you not " premised that the Nabob is *your* " *friend;* but that is now such a hack- " nied term, that *chacun se dit ami, mais* " *fou qui s'y repose.*"

" I will grant you, that nothing is " more common than the name, or more

"rare than the spirit; nevertheless I
"flatter myself that I may safely boast
"of the Nabob's friendship—but Lord
"Glenarm is not of age."

"He hopes to be, next month."

"What sort of young man is he?"

"In my opinion he is every thing his
"fond happy father could desire to see
"him."

"That, indeed, is saying a great deal
"—but you are partial—What family
"has Lord Clanroy? is not he a
"widower?"

"Oh, no—Lady Clanroy is quite a
"young woman, and with the advan-
"tages of dress and address, likely to
"become a formidable rival to her only
"daughter, Lady Eleanor Gray."

"Is the young lady pretty?"

"I cannot pretend to say: she was
"but a baby when I last saw her—fair,
"with large blue eyes, and quite a
"cherub face, very much like her
"mother: if she still resemble her, she
"may be beautiful, for I remember

"Lady Clanroy one of the most lovely
"women I ever beheld."
"How old is Lady Eleanor?"
"Is that a fair question, Mr. Wilder?
"never speak of a lady's age, man—it is
"at any time of life a ticklish subject
"—however, Lady Eleanor may be
"about seventeen."
"Well—I am glad they are coming
"at last; their arrival will cause a stir
"here much wanted—Do they bring
"company with them?"
"Not immediately, I believe; but
"you may be sure, Mr. Wilder, the
"castle will be a scene of gaiety this
"summer, where I trust we shall often
"meet."
"Thank you, Mr. Dean—at any other
"place I should rejoice in having that
"pleasure; but as my father and I are
"in the opposition, and mean to exert
"ourselves strenuously in support of
"Jesswunt, there would be almost an
"indelicacy in my obtruding there."
"I am sorry for it—and although our

" neighbour, the East Indian, may have
" sufficient worth to entitle him to your
" friendship, he is a foreigner, and ought
" not to succeed against the real lord
" of the soil. What aged man is Jess-
" wunt?"

" Very young — about two and
" twenty?"

" Report says he is *very* handsome,
" *very* agreeable, *very* rich, *very* munifi-
" cent, and in fine the very thing he
" ought to be, except the rival candi-
" date of Lord Glenarm. I have not
" yet had an opportunity of judging of
" him for myself, as I have never seen
" him—but *the* question is—does he
" want a wife?"

" No—certainly not—he is much bet-
" ter without one;—wives—children—
" nurses—cradles and panado, are heavy
" baggage!"

" We shall see—wait until the Earl's
" family arrive; then, even *you*, Mr.
" Wilder, who are so averse from ma-
" trimony, may turn proselyte. Lady

" Clanroy brings in her train a most
" interesting young woman whom she
" has adopted, a Miss Vatchel."

" Miss Vatchel—in the humble cha-
" racter of companion to Lady Eleanor,
" I presume—excellent—and this is the
" dignified personage you think likely
" to make a convert of me—or a *fit wife*
" for Jesswunt."

" She is *fit* for a pair of lawn sleeves
" —and is by all accounts a charming
" girl."

" Pray what *is* she like?"

" Like a dazzling brunette, with
" sparkling black eyes—fine teeth—
" good colour—and hair, not the present
" fashionable hue of *raven grey*, but
" glossy black. In her letters to me,
" Lady Clanroy makes frequent men-
" tion of Miss Vatchel, and seems to
" regard her with maternal affection."

" Is this young person connected
" with the family by consanguinity?"

" No—she is indebted to accident for
" her introduction to the Countess, and

" literally speaking is a gift of fortune;
" her parents, should they still exist,
" being unknown."

" Perhaps the *Earl* could give an *au-*
" *thentic* account of her *parentage:* was
" he not a man of gallantry?"

" What strange liberties you men of
" the world take with the good and vir-
" tuous, and how easily you reconcile
" every incongruity in matters of this
" nature, by inferences drawn from
" your own polluted hearts! Lord
" Clanroy never was the character you
" would imply; Miss Vatchel be as-
" sured is none of his."

" How was she placed under their
" protection?"

" One day, whilst the Earl and fa-
" mily were at Clifton House, Lady
" Clanroy drove out upon the downs,
" near Bristol. The horses becoming
" restive, she was terrified; when the
" drivers had quieted them, she de-
" manded the cause of alarm, and her
" attention was directed to a miserable

" creature, who lay prostrate on the
" road side. One of the outriders dis-
" mounting, pronounced it to be the
" lifeless body of a poor black woman;
" but that her little baby was still alive.
" The child cried piteously when lifted
" from under the ragged cloak, where
" she had crept to hide: she was brought
" to the Countess, who attributed her
" tears to hunger or fear; at her tender
" age, it was impossible she could
" understand the melancholy state of
" her companion."

" How old did you say was then this
" miserable infant?"

" About three years—quite too young
" to give any account of herself; al-
" though she attempted to lisp some
" words in a language wholly unintel-
" ligible. By Lady Clanroy's direc-
" tions she was conveyed to Clifton
" House. I was at that period his
" Lordship's domestic chaplain, and
" upon me devolved the task of giving
her a name.

"And what could have possessed "you to select Vatchell? you might "have chosen one prettier."

"Simply, because Lady Clanroy was "at the time romantic, and having in "early life received much kindness "from an Indian Lady of that name, "she determined on so calling the "young christian. The Countess an-"swered for her at the baptismal font, "and no mother could act with more "tenderness than she has ever done "towards her *élève*."

"This is a very curious history."

"It is nevertheless true—and as I "have your reformation much at "heart——"

"*She* shall never affect it, I promise "you, my good sir—I am too poor, and "have too much *Irish* pride to marry "an unconnected beggar—let her take "her chance with Jesswunt.—He de-"spises money—at least he flings it "away so thoughtlessly, he cannot set "a proper value upon it."

" Would that he set a proper value
" on her—and marry her——".

" ' Twere a consummation devoutly
" to be wished,' for then I would flirt
" with her, and ———"

With a look of disapprobation, the
Dean gravely bowed, and they separated.

CHAPTER II.

'Di levar gli occhi e moè, me fece dono
Non credo che splendesse tanto lume
Sotto le ciglia a Venere traffita
Dal figlio——' DANTE.

She raises her eyes to me; I don't think so much lustre sparkled from beneath the lids of Venus, when wounded by her son—

THE family of Earl Clanroy were assembling in the breakfast room of his Lordship's residence, in Merrion Square. A benefit concert, at the Rotunda, the preceding evening, had attracted crowds. Amongst the fashionables, the present group, consisting of Lady Clanroy, Lady Eleanor Gray, Miss Vatchel, and the Honourable Frederic Gray (the Earl's youngest son) had equally participated in the scanty pleasures, and stupidity of the night.

"What a bumper of fashion and ton

" had Madame Spagniolette," cried Frederic; " yet withal 'twas passing " dull! As it was your *coup d'essai*, " Eleanor, how did you relish this spe- " cimen of public entertainments?"

" For the first half hour, Frederic, " it appeared to me a combination of " every thing delightful; but the heat " of the room, the crowd, and above all, " mamma's observations, soon taught " me to understand, that the concert " was altogether badly conducted, and, " ere long, I felt convinced it was a " very tiresome, stupid business; even " you, Nourhan, * seemed quite *abattue*."

" I must acknowledge I was rather " disappointed," said Miss Vatchel. " If " all public amusements resemble that " of last evening, we have little to look " forward to, and less to regret, in " those in which we have not already " participated."

* Nourhan in Hindostanee signifies the morning light.

"The fatigue we underwent, more "than counterbalanced the pleasure," observed Lady Clanroy; "but what I "consider even more objectionable "than the wretched attempts of the "greater part of the musicians, and the "unpardonable delay between the per- "formances, is the admixture of com- "pany, too frequently encountered at "such places, and the *ton* of freedom "which prevails where all classes of "people are indiscriminately mingled."

"That is all the fun of it," cried Frederic. "*Badinage* apart, you must "have admired two attractive originals "there; the all-subduing Mirza Abul "Hassan Khan—Persian Ambassador, "and Prince of the Sun—*Shawl* and "*Diamonds*—and *La belle Grecque!*"

"*Must I—bon gré, mal gré?*" asked the Countess.

"In despite of yourself, you must "have admired his patriarchal beard— "famous as the golden beard of Æscu- "lapius, and the unrivalled charms of

" the lady," he replied. "*He* has
" proved himself irresistible, and *she* is
" 'the glass of fashion, and the mould
" of form,' although the ladies endeavour
" to console themselves by *discovering*
" her skin has more of the olive than
" the lily; but to a classical eye, it only
" heightens the effect of her truly Gre-
" cian bust. What say you, Nourhan?"

" She has undoubtedly much cha-
" racter in her appearance," rejoined
Miss Vatchel, " and when her eyes are
" thrown downward, she is, according
" to my idea, the finest personification
" of melancholy, possible—"

" Of *melancholy*"—repeated Frederic
with a laugh—" 'widows' sable weeds
" soon turn to grey—drop a few tears
" on them, and dusky grey is blanched
" to bridal white'—you may follow up
" my quotation in idea, for here is
" my father, and two footmen, *solus!*
" with three hundred and sixty-five
" letters from the Ballanaghiera bog-
" trotters, ycleped, Electors—but, Nou-

"rih—tell me—what caused the rosy
"blush you mustered last night, when
"the Persian addressed you—eh—do
"make a merit of necessity, and tell
"me without reserve, or I will make a
"story of his question, which I over-
"heard—"

A smile of defiance only was returned
by Miss Vatchel, and Lady Clanroy
eagerly inquired, "are there any let-
"ters from Arthure?"

"None," replied the Earl. "These
"packets merely relate to some affairs
"which require our immediate presence
"at Glenarm Castle. My agent there,
"Mr. Bromley, seems to think my in-
"terest in the county would be much
"benefited at the ensuing election, were
"we to spend some time, and *more*
"*money*, amongst the *independent* elec-
"tors. *Coûte qui coûte*, Glenarm shall
"be the member, and his *entré*, as can-
"didate, should be brilliant. Eleanor,
"my love, prepare your best smiles
"for the occasion, and your gentle

" friend Nourhan will unite with you,
" in conciliating the hearts of these
" *wild* countrymen of mine."

Lady Clanroy was an English woman, and had reluctantly consented to be of the party to Dublin. She had pleaded in vain for permission to repair to Paris with Lady Eleanor and Miss Vatchel, there to remain until the return of her Lord from Ireland. For although she acknowledged that most of the distinguished characters of the day were of that nation, she felt an insurmountable horror at the idea of visiting a country which had so lately been the scene of much bloodshed, from internal commotion; apprehending that in every peasant she might encounter a rebel, in heart, if not in action. But the Earl, too fondly attached to his family to hear of a separation, laughed at her fears, and was inexorable to her entreaties. Thus over-ruled, she had undertaken the journey without a hope of enjoying one hour of security or

pleasure.. Even now, she would joyfully have hailed permission to return to England; forgetting, at the moment, that she was seated in the *Capital* of *all* Ireland, she suddenly enquired—

" Does your Lordship *seriously* think
" I can forfeit my engagements in *town*
" this spring (with the Marchioness of
" Cameron) for a paltry election? Pray
" what competition has my Lord Gle-
" narm to apprehend?"

" A very powerful one—the rich East
" Indian is already canvassing for the
" county, and inconsiderately lavishing
" wealth, which fame says, he has ac-
" quired in the Oriental world—perhaps,
" by means which may not redound to
" his credit, or reflect, hereafter, much
" honour on his memory. However,
" this is mere conjecture, occasioned
" by the wonderful system of extrava-
" gance the upstart has adopted to
" gain popularity, which, doubtless, he
" intends as a prelude to the ennobling

" his family; I am informed he has no
" pretensions to rank, or to sense either,
" I should think, if he perseveres in this
" wild pursuit. For what can be more
" absurd, than *his* standing the contest
" with *my* son? it will decidedly bring
" him into much notice; but, in the fur-
" therance of the project I conceive he
" has in view, he would act more pru-
" dently to avoid it. Now, the mean
" pedigree of this *nouveau riche*, may
" pass without a comment—whilst, on
" the other hand, as the opponent of
" Glenarm, his character, his ancestry,
" may and will be deeply scrutinized.
" Glenarm—heir not only to my title
" and estates, but to the Dukedom of
" Dunluce."

" Have you well reflected, my Lord,
" how I shall be *difficulted* by this new
" regulation, or how Eleanor's prospects
" may be injured? Consider the pro-
" bable advantages which might result
" from her making her *debut* in London,

" under the kind auspices of the Mar-
" chioness——"

" Nonsense," returned the Earl with unaccustomed petulance of manner; " should the solid advantages of Glenarm " be resigned for the chimerical benefit " of Eleanor? She is too young to suffer " by the delay of a few months, or even " years, in her presentation; whilst, on " the contrary, with him the present " opportunity must not be lost. His " talents and finished education, so fully " qualify him for a diplomatic situation, " that his introduction into life, shall not " be postponed. Therefore I *expect* " that, without further hesitation or de- " mur, your Ladyship will be prepared " to accompany me, on Saturday next, " to Glenarm Castle; Sydney and Fre- " deric propose setting out to-morrow, " to accelerate the preparations for our " reception."

With mingled *hauteur* and regret, Lady Clanroy murmured, " My Lord

" *expects*, I must submit; this point has
" been already decided."

They were here interrupted by the entrance of the intended candidate, who gracefully saluted his mother, bowed respectfully to his father, and approaching the group seated round the breakfast table, addressed them with much florid action. His speech (which he informed them was a rehearsal for the hustings), though evidently a burlesque, replete with high-sounding words, containing little meaning, was yet interspersed with some flowers of rhetoric, and delivered with provoking gravity. It had the desired effect of restoring good humour, and he obtained smiles of approbation. Much pleased with his favourite son's graceful and energetic manner, the Earl exclaimed——

" Bravo, Sydney! had I a thousand
" votes, and meditated opposition, such
" manly eloquence would lure me from
" my purpose, and make them all your

" own. Persevere in this brilliant style,
" my boy, and in your political career
" you will, in time, eclipse our best
" speakers. Never were trifles discussed
" with more fluency; and that is the
" true diplomatic art—the great nicety
" which I have so often admired in my
" Lord Z———. When the House is
" agitated by some unexpected question
" of vital importance, some list of griev-
" ances, or monstrous abuses, awkwardly
" started by some well-meaning fellow,
" or by some thoughtless, *would-be*
" patriot, his Lordship, in reply, has
" the happy, the enviable faculty, of
" engrossing our undivided attention
" upon—a nothing—and whilst his ad-
" dress (which, critically speaking, is
" *some such* thing, to *no such* purpose)
" possesses the secret of captivating
" his auditors, and preventing their
" thoughts from dwelling on the un-
" pleasant theme, it affords leisure for
" a less eloquent, but more solid rea-
" soner, to rally his forces, and reply

" to what, at first, appears unanswer-
" able—in fine, it is a French trifle, or
" dish of whipped cream, crowned with
" flowers!" Rising to leave the room, he
continued, " Without Lord Z———
" the ministry would be——"

The door closed, and left his auditors neither captivated by his harangue, nor absolutely clear as to the situation of his ministerial friends, without the aid of this, their powerful ally. His pompous panegyric, though partly unmerited, destroyed the gravity assumed by the intended legislator; who, although he joined in the general smile occasioned by the specimen of his oratorical talents, yet felt disinclined, by confessing the jest, to renounce altogether commendations so warmly bestowed by his father; and which, notwithstanding the dubious tendency of the compliment they contained, were, upon the whole, too flattering to youthful vanity, to be entirely relinquished. Yet a momentary thoughtfulness overspread his animated coun-

tenance, on reflecting he might not meet such partial hearers at the hustings, and instead of taking a seat at the table, he threw himself into a *chaise longue* by the fire-side. His reflections were interrupted by Lady Eleanor, inquiring—

"Why so thoughtful, brother?"

"*Thoughtful*," he re-echoed, "I was "*indeed* deeply meditating, when your "voice dispelled the abstraction."

"Pray may I know the subject?"

"I was thinking that—the fire of "your Ladyship's bright eyes, in con-"junction with Nourhan's, directed at "the heart of my *purse-proud* compe-"titor—although by that appellation I "do not mean to deteriorate the gen-"tleman's merits—will make such "havoc, that all thoughts of contest "with me must subside in the wish "of obtaining my friendship, as a pass-"port to your favour; with such a goal "in view, can he act otherwise? Then "I predict his sole ambition will be, to

" cast himself, and his vast treasures at
" your feet, ladies fair !"

" I am amphibological of that," said Frederic.

" Dear Frederic," returned Lady Clanroy, " why do you so studiously
" introduce, upon every occasion, such
" ridiculously far-fetched and unneces-
" sary words ? is it to display the
" Oxonian, or the affectation of learn-
" ing ? take care, *mon enfant*, that your
"*fine, sublime* expressions, are not some-
" times considered obsolete, if not ac-
" tually underbred, and pedantic."

" What makes a word ' obsolete,'
" madam, but a general agreement to
" refrain from using it ?"—

" And when once it becomes unfamiliar
" by disuse, it is esteemed disagreeable"
—a long dissertation followed, containing little interest, except to those engaged ; terminated by Lady Clanroy, desiring Miss Vatchel to write to, and inform the Marchioness of Cameron, their doom

was fixed: while she and Lady Eleanor went out to make purchases for the country. As the party separated, the Honourable Major Willmotte unceremoniously entered, saying—

"How do, my Lord—So Frederic—
"What became of you last night, after
"the concert, Glenarm? Mrs. Ansley
"sent me in pursuit of you, but you
"were not to be found."

"I had an engagement"—

"And you *had* a monstrous loss, I can
"tell you—we supped in Cavendish-
"square, just our own party, with the
"addition of Mirza, ambassador from
"'*Shah, Disposer of Kingdoms.*' At din-
"ner, yesterday, Mrs. Ansley vowed
"she would do what woman could, to
"gain the *éclat* of running away with
"the Persian; and gave orders to have
"supper ready, and to have carpets in
"preparation, to spread from the am-
"bassador's carriage, through the halls,
"to the stair-case; Ansley enjoyed the
"idea amazingly; it was rare fun—"

" She is certainly a very nice wo-
" man," observed Lord Glenarm, " I
" am not surprised that the Persian
" seemed *engoué* with Mrs. Ansley's ap-
" pearance: he signalized her with more
" of his attention, than he bestowed
" upon any other lady."

" Except what Nourhan attracted,"
said Frederic, " Willmotte, you are
" such a promulgator of scandal—such
" an excellent vehicle for circulating a
" *good* story, that I have a capital one
" in reservation for you—but not now—
" proceed first with your recital."

" When Mrs. Ansley at the Ro-
" tunda gracefully accosted the Am-
" bassador, with that fashionable easy
" dignity which characterizes her,—
" told him where she resided, and asked
" him to go home with her to have
" some slight refreshments, grapes,
" wine, &c., he seemed much flattered;
" but desired she might in her invi-
" tation include the L—— M——, in
" whose care the Prince then was. She

" replied, that she had never enter-
" tained *city* nobility, and that she really
" should not know how to do the ho-
" nours becomingly; but urged her suit
" with such persuasive eloquence, that
" his Excellency promised to attend
" her; and turning to the worthy Ba-
" ronet, said—'Good night, my Lord—
" go to bed—I go to sup with a lady!
" ——' Apprehensive that his charge
" had committed himself, and got into
" some concern not altogether de-
" corous, the Baronet begged to inquire
" the lady's name, residence, &c.; but
" Mirza, perfectly satisfied to abide the
" event, took an abrupt leave, and re-
" paired to Cavendish-square; where,
" as no true pleasure is to be found
" without some trifling portion of alloy,
" the domestics, gazing with insatiable
" curiosity at the husband of twenty
" wives! omitted to spread the carpets
" on the steps—and, worse and worse,
" Ansley snatching lights from a gaping
" footman, actually turned his back on

" the illustrious foreigner; and ascending
" the staircase with respect, intended
" to be most profound, thoughtlessly
" preceded his Excellency, most dis-
" respectfully, and not *dos-à-dos*, but
" *dos-à-vis*, into the drawing-room, at
" which unlooked-for mischance, Mrs.
" Ansley almost expired with vexation;
" the V——'s tittered, and I took snuff.
" However, this mortification was soon
" got over, and we were excessively
" pleasant; the Prince appears to be a
" man of considerable talent, much in-
" formation, and speaks English won-
" derfully well."

" I have heard he is very proud," observed Frederic.

" Yes, perhaps he is," returned Willmotte; " but Mrs. Ansley, in the best
" manner possible, contrived to make
" him understand, that all the nobility
" in either England or Ireland from
" whom he had received attention, were
" her very near relatives, and perso-
" nages of no small distinction; so that

" he was soon intimately acquainted
" with the rank and consequence of all
" her lordly uncles and goodly aunts.
" The acme of the jest is, that on my
" way hither, I looked in at two or three
" places, to give the first and most au-
" thentic account of the matter; but,
" would you believe it, *general* rumour
" had been before me, and it was con-
" fidentially *whispered* to me, that Mrs.
" Ansley had given a splendid enter-
" tainment to the ambassador, and had
" crowded her rooms to excess, to dis-
" play to his wondering gaze all the
" brilliant beauty of this metropolis;
" that his pride not suffering him to
" mingle indiscriminately, the other
" guests had been permitted to descend
" to the *salle à manger*, where supper
" was laid, whilst Mrs. Ansley and his
" excellency enjoyed some slight re-
" past, *tête-à-tête*, in the drawing-room.
" How malicious—how envious are the
" little people of this world, and yet 'tis
" every where the same. But, Fred, what

" is this you have in store for me?—any
" thing of Mirza?"

" A mere nothing—recollect that all
" anecdotes related with the previous
" promise of—something witty—a good
" story—or smart repartee—invariably
" fall short of our expectations; mine
" will, therefore, hardly provoke a smile,
" though I see you anticipate something
" worthy of repetition. 'Tis simply,
" that the Prince approached Miss Vat-
" chell and my sister; I suppose the
" former appeared to him the more at-
" tractive, for he thus accosted her;—
" 'Madam, have you a man?'—not pre-
" cisely comprehending the question,
" the young simpleton called up one of
" the most natural and unfashionable
" blushes imaginable; which, had my
" mother detected, she could never have
" pardoned."

" What said Miss Vatchell?"

" Obviously at a loss for a reply,
" Mirza quickly perceiving her confu-
" sion, added—' I mistake—I mean,

" are you wed?'—thus you see, this
" great Prince considers a husband, a
" necessary, domestic appendage; and
" probably inquired about her's with
" the same interest that a sick lap-dog,
" or consumptive parrot, would call
" forth;—luckily the necessity of an an-
" swer was superseded by Mrs. Ansley,
" who at the instant relieved Miss Vat-
" chell from his further inquiries, and
" turned the tide of his curiosity and
" admiration exclusively to herself. It
" was afterwards buzzed around, that
" the Persian gallantly raising her, had
" carried her in his arms, and laid her
" in his equipage, to prevent the neces-
" sity of her delicate foot touching the
" pavement."

" It was an exaggeration, believe me,
" Frederic," returned Major Willmotte;
" I had the honour to leave Mrs. Ansley
" at her own house, before I went in
" search of Glenarm, by which means,
" most probably, I missed him; and

" although Ansley's carriage was in
" waiting, she rushed home (in order to
" see if all were right) on foot, in white
" satin slippers, and in defiance of my
" better advice—relying upon the inte-
" grity of the *honest scavengers* for in-
" demnity against mud and gutter; but
" I see she has not escaped without
" being a little *bespattered*: however,
" master Freddy, I recognize the source
" whence your intelligence flows. That
" troublesome woman, because she has
" amassed a few thousands by trade,
" and forgets the meanness of her own
" extraction, expects that every one else
" will be equally complaisant; but she is
" devilishly mistaken—her wealth and
" excessive servility, have, I allow you,
" forced her into good company; yet
" her advances are still resisted by num-
" bers of *the blood*, amongst others by
" Mrs. Ansley, consequently she speaks
" from pique. Those whom her costly
" presents and fawning civilities have in-

"duced to countenance her, laugh at her
"absurd imitation of courtly manners,
"and despise the woman, whilst, for a
"temporary convenience, they make
"whatever use they require, of herself—
"her house, wine-cellar, carriage, *purse*
"(no, of that she is tolerably careful)—
"*à propos*, she had not one bottle of
"French wine at her famous mendicity
"ball ——"

"*Mendicity*," (repeated Glenarm)
"what do you mean?"

"Purely that as her own connections
"were exclusively of the *bourgeois* order,
"they were voted inadmissible, and
"some few of her new-made *friends*
"were supplicated to recruit amongst
"their circle for guests—numerous were
"the refusals, but several went for the
"frolic—and it was remarkable, that
"the *fair* hostess was the *only* stranger
"in the rooms—however, the Dowager
"Mrs. Ansley did the honours, and as
"of old, 'when Scarron his friends had

" invited, each guest brought his dish;
" so with our adventuress, if each guest
" brought a title, 'he brought the best
" dish,' according to her palate, and
" thus the feast was completed."

" Pray," inquired Glenarm, " which
" are you most severe upon, the *gen-*
" *tle* woman's follies, or our courtly
" friends—— ?"

" *Chacun à son tour*—But when Mrs.
" Flatterall assumes the airs of trebly
" rectified *gentillesse*, she forgets that
" too much excitation induces exhaus-
" tion. Did she in the sterling qualities
" of an honest heart resemble her truly
" worthy helpmate, I should pass her
" petty prettinesses over with a sparing
" eye—but while she affects a blush at
" his good humoured lively sallies, well
" may he smile at the mutability of hu-
" man nature. Like Sterne, I have also
" known ladies to have their devotional
" and deistical periods; and to go about
" through the city performing acts of

" public charity during the mornings—
" to pass the evenings in private devo-
" tion! would not even you blush to
" find those knees so long nocturnally
" bent for such a holy purpose, now
" seldom from under the card table?"

CHAPTER III.

'Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.'

THE Earl having signified his desire that Lord Glenarm and Frederic should precede the other members of the family on their journey, they accordingly left Dublin at an early hour the ensuing day. His lordship proposed to travel with as much expedition and privacy as possible, having an unconquerable objection to the tiresome ceremonies he should of necessity experience from waiters, innkeepers, &c. acquainted with his rank.

"You know my aversion, Frederic," said he, "from being importuned by "the disagreeable parade, and absurd "adulation, those poor, well-meaning

" persons think necessary to show any
" body bearing a title, and that I detest
" the unmeaning reiteration of '*my Lud*'
" and '*your Ludship*' at every syllable;
" let us therefore, in order to avoid this
" punctilio, enter into an agreement
" with each other. We are strangers
" in Ireland; we may the more rea-
" dily pass for private gentlemen:
" however, I must allow it is sometimes
" found more difficult to support that
" character with propriety, than to
" maintain the other with dignity."

Frederic was indifferent about the arrangement, but, by way of argument, replied, " Our equipage and servants
" will betray us—moreover I like the
" *éclat* of travelling in your '*Ludship's*
" suite; it reflects a ray of your conse-
" quence upon my humble head; but
" act as you think proper—the affair is
" your's, more than mine: I am decid-
" edly a cosmopolite, and will play any
" part with you on this our septentrional
" excursion."

"I shall direct Parkinson to keep
"our secret by way of frolic; and as
"the Messieurs Ernard, we may pass
"without more than ordinary civility."

Parkinson, accustomed to receive similar instructions, whilst attending his young Lord on roads where he was unknown, felt little surprise at the precaution, although he secretly reprobated a whim he considered derogatory to his self-importance: he thought how injudiciously the gifts of fortune were dispensed, and lamented, that what his Lord seemed to esteem a burthen, had not accidentally fallen to his own lot; "I should not have been in a hurry to "disown myself, or disclaim the respect "I was born to command," muttered the consequential lacquey.

At the appointed hour, the brothers commenced their journey, and continued without accident until they reached the stage, where they proposed to rest. Having ordered dinner, they strolled out to view the town, first in-

quiring if it or the environs contained any thing worthy of observation. The prospect whilst approaching Drogheda is still striking, from the appearance of old towers rising above the houses, reminding the traveller of the feuds of other days: partly situated in the counties Louth and Meath, it lies on the river Boyne, and was formerly a fortified place; but the castle and walls were demolished by Oliver Cromwell, who took the town by storm, and put all the garrison to the sword. In memory of King William's passage and victory there in 1690—an obelisk was erected about two miles up the river, to which place they were advised to walk. Chance led them to a vaulted cave near Grange, which had also been described as one of the curiosities of the neighbourhood: near the entrance they encountered a party, one of whom, a gentleman, hazarding various conjectures as to the first appropriation of the cave,

continued his remarks without interruption.

"—— In consequence of the gold
" medal I just now mentioned having
" been found here, Doctor Lhuyd ob-
" serves, it might originally have be-
" longed to the Romans, but I am of
" a very different opinion; this rugged
" sculpture bespeaks, I apprehend, anti-
" quity still more remote."

Frederic had not arrived in time for a description of the coin, which to him might have proved particularly interesting: he was a medalist, and, like Addison, considered a cabinet of medals should be looked upon more as a treasure of knowledge than of money. Eagerly advancing, he inquired

" May I beg to know, Sir, in whose
" reign was the coin you speak of
" stamped?"

" The Emperor Valentinian, Sir," the
" gentleman replied, but it is no proof
" either for or against our surmises."

"Most probably," observed Lord Glenarm, "this cavern was originally "designed for some barbarous monu-"ment of sacrifice, or rude mausoleum "of the aboriginal Irish, and is perhaps "more ancient than any invasion of the "Ostmen, or Danes."

"Pray, Sir, is the interior multicapsular?" asked Frederic. To which question the gentleman coolly replied,

"It is merely excavated, Sir, in the form of a cross." Athirst to dazzle the strangers by the profundity of his information, Frederic commenced an elaborate description in his usually abstruse terms of a cave, which he pretended to have seen in Hartz-forest, Germany. Gravely affirming, that being once benighted in the vicinity of the cavern, he had ventured twenty miles into its interior, without being able to discover any termination. Contrasting the insignificance of the present object of their research, with the great extent of that he said he had partly explored

in the neighbourhood of Blankenburgh, and concluding abruptly, left his hearers at liberty to pursue their walk.

In high spirits, and much pleased with their ramble, the brothers returned to the inn, where they determined to remain that night. Lord Glenarm sought in the perusal of some new political pamphlets, to beguile the tedious half-hour before dinner: Frederic saying the mountain air had invigorated his appetite, quitted the room, under pretence of inquiring whether preparations were in a state of forwardness, but in reality with the malicious intention of making known his brother's secret: feeling a mischief-loving boyish pleasure in the idea of thus tormenting him. Desiring to speak to the landlord, he was by a bare-footed nymph directed to the kitchen, where stood 'mine host' in a threatening attitude. The appearance of Frederic silenced his clamours, and civilly asking, "What can I do for "your honour, master Ernard?"

" I say, Mr. What's-your-name," interrogated Frederic, " where the devil " is Lord Glenarm?—Did his Lordship " return since I went out, pray?"

" Lord *Glin—who,* Sir?" inquired the gaping landlord with surprise.

" Lord Glenarm."

" Musha then by my troth and its " himsel that did not, sir—the sarra " sight of his face I seen good or bad " since last Lady-day, more's the pity— " for sure enough it's himsel that's the " rael *gintleman* cliver and clane; no " disparagement to him—*Lord,* I meant " to say."

" No matter, my honest friend, it does " not of late years always follow that " your lords are gentlemen—therefore " you have been rather complimentary " than otherwise."

Encouraged by this facetious reply, and by Frederic's affected familiarity of manner, Mr. Terence Mahoolan, who had been raised from the plough (through the joint caprice of the blind deities

Love and Fortune, united in the person of the late proprietor of the inn's widow) to the elevated station of head innkeeper of a respectable town, willing to give some idea of his vast importance by enumerating the great folks who resorted to his house, thus continued—

"As I was a saying, your honour—
"the young Lord is the very moral of
"the ould one, and always stops at my
"house for no raison in life but good
"will. He is my best customer, bar-
"ring the father. By the powers! no
"Lord in the land enjoys a bottle of
"good wine better, or takes it in more
"comfort; Devil resave the one! and
"much good may it do his generous
"heart, for he pays like a Prince, so he
"does—more power to him!—But by
"my own sowl he is the *sleeveen* after
"the girls, and that he is quite entirely!
"What a pity that the likes of them
"lives in England and foreign parts, Sir,
"impoverishing ould Ireland for ever;
"and spinding the money turned up

"*here by the plough, on strangers and*
"*such like*—*if I* was a *parliament man,*
"I'd make a law, that all lords and
"great gentlemen should spind their
"money where they got it—I main, Sir
"—that like crap after crap, they ought
"to better their lands and tenants by
"laying out some of the profits of one
"year towards the benefit of the next;
"however, I might as well hould my
"tongue for they're all the same, and
"keep never heeding us, except when
"there's elections; then indeed how
"they come round one, with their sweet
"botheration—why they'd wheedle a
"body to b'lieve if it wasn't for sick-
"ness they'd never quit Ireland at all
"—quit it for health, indeed—aye, aye,
"that's a good joke—where could they
"get better health, and greater plenty
"of it, than in Ireland!"

Surprise at the assurance of the fellow had hitherto silenced Frederic: now, with seeming consternation, he cried—

"Is the man mad—not to recollect

"his '*best customer*'? I tell you Sir," he continued, "my brother, the *very noble* "the Viscount Glenarm is (or should "be) in this house at this moment, "unless the little respect you have "shown him has offended and driven "him away to some other hotel. For "although he is my brother, I must say "he is the most pompous Lord in the "realm; you have no conception of "his pride; he is more tenacious of "rank—I mean, he takes more conse- "quence on him about his title, than "any nobleman in Europe."

Observing the ruddy cheeks of the landlord blanched with unutterable apprehension at being detected in a falsehood, and convicted of neglect to such illustrious guests, whilst, with clenched fist, he struck his breast, groaning—

"Meellia murther!"

"I see how it is," added Frederic, "you are done up—my brother, dis- "pleased at your inattention, has possi- "bly decamped in wrath, and will report

"your treatment of so great a per-
"sonage——"

The astonished and mortified Mahoolan, lamenting his own folly, deprecated Frederic's seeming anger, and entreated his advice, together with the assistance of "the holy Vargin and all the blissed Saints," to remedy an offence so inadvertently committed; reprobating his own want of discernment in severe terms, and truly deploring the misfortune of not having earlier discovered the quality of his guests.

"Arrah it's myself," he cried, "would "be sore and sorry to offind a dog of his, "let alone his self."

Universal discomfiture prevailed, and Frederic had merely time to advise a marked alteration of conduct, and to recommend a studious observance of ceremony; above all, that especial care should be taken on no account to omit his brother's title, when a loud peal from the bell dispersed the affrighted

party, and plunged the landlord into fresh confusion and perplexity.

"Whisht, whisht! sarra have me, "but there he is sure enough, "rampadging like a mad lion," cried he.

"There now," said Frederic, "he is "as mad as be d——d, I tell you; "I suspect he is ringing to order his "carriage; you must *my lord* him at "every word, if you hope to regain his "favour, which I think you have utterly "forfeited."

"Och your Honour," cried the crest-fallen Mahoolan; "plaise to rin to him, "and try to palaver him the laest taste "in life, while you're doing nothing, and "I'll rin and clane myself in a jiffy to "go fornint him."

Fearful that his brother might suspect his machinations, Frederic hurried to the room in which he had remained: Lord Glenarm, impatient at the protraction of dinner, being unusually hungry,

hastily inquired "For what do they "wait, Frederic?"

"I thought to have found you at "table, Sydney, and can inform you, "some of the preparations for our "sumptuous repast were made with "tolerable expedition: I was just now "botanizing in the potato garden, and "minutely surveying the herbaceous "productions it contained, when a biped "unceremoniously entered, and dis-"daining the assistance of a knife, de-"racinated the parsley bordering my "walk with such an unsparing hand, "that I desired to know for what it "was designed. Turning a stupid face, "scarcely human, the animal ejaculated "—'anan?' and took flight swift as "Sacharissa; I gazed with Thyrsean "wonder, expecting to behold a trans-"formation into bays."

Whilst he spoke, the door was thrown open, and with difficulty could he refrain from laughter, when Mahoolan with his fat wife, as *aide de cérémonies*, appeared

dressed in their very best apparel; she courtesied low, and to her husband whispered, " Spake up bould, you spalpeen."

With a frown, covered by a bow, he returned *aside*, " hould your blather, woman," and having ' screwed his courage to the sticking place,' continued aloud :

" If your lordship will do my mistress
" and I the condescension for to taste
" the fare we have provided for your
" noble lordship, my lord,—you'll find
" —my lord,—her mutton as rare as
" ever fork was stuck in, as the saying
" goes—and her salmon jumped alive
" into the pot."

The cringing bows and awkward courtesies of the servile pair, and the surprise depicted on his brother's countenance, now obscured by a frown, were exquisite subjects for Frederic's mirth. The disconcerted Landlord, fearing the displeasure he traced in Lord Glenarm's features arose from his own former

omissions, redoubled his assiduity to avert the impending disgrace: dreading the consequences which might ensue, should his lordship in disgust retreat to the rival inn, he continued with the dexterity of a Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant to boo and boo to the very ground, whilst his fat wife tremulously uttered

"Augh, my Lard! if your honour's
"worship is but gracious enough for to
"come for to go to the parlour, I'll be
"bail you'll find there a brave fat well
"dressed turkey, besides the choice
"mutton and salmon; moreover a snug
"leg of corned pork—but that's could
"—though never the worse for that—
"though I says it that shouldn't say it
"—sarra matter for that matter if it
"never was said, for the mate would
"spake for itself, an my four bones were
"in the grave; saving your honour's
"presence for making so bould to min-
"tion such things as them forninst
"your worshipful honour."

"Pork—and that at second hand;

now by the Gods"—exclaimed Frederic—but perceiving by the cloud which had gathered on his brother's brow, at this unexpected discovery, and unwished-for complaisance, and by certain half reproachful glances that his own share in the counter-plot was more than suspected, he suddenly stepped forward, and winking significantly at the fawning Landlord, whispered, "Neighbour, you're dished."

Turning to the obsequious dame, he continued,

"I have no doubt, ma'am, that the fare "you have provided is most excellent— "the very delicate mention you have "made has increased my inclination to "partake of it. However, as my brother "and I are not epicures, we neither de- "sire it to walk, nor speak for itself, "therefore pray lead the way—we are "both enemies to ceremony."

Without having deigned a reply, Lord Glenarm, who had been 'strucken mute'—'silent and in face confounded'

—mechanically followed to the room where dinner was laid, of which the bill of fare had been so alluringly drawn. Finding the man inclined to persevere in his tiresome civilities, to be relieved at once from a continuance of such pertinacity, Lord Glenarm, in return for the next time *his lordship* was importuned on some frivolous pretext, petulantly answered—" Confound your lordship " —leave the room, Sir."—

" Go—Parkinson—order fresh wines " to be electriated," cried Frederic, bursting into a laugh.

" How can you be amused with such " absurdity, Frederic? that insufferable " blockhead would not have thus tor- " mented me but for your treachery, " without which he could never have " known me—"

"Pardon me, dear Sydney—the bump- " kin's conduct is less vituperable than " you conceive—the truth is, *nobility* " *shines* in *your countenance*, therefore it

" is bootless for you to attempt a con-
" cealment of your rank."

This assurance neither satisfied Lord Glenarm, nor mitigated the chagrin he felt at the derangement of his plans: countermanding previous directions, and ordering the carriage to be in readiness, he resolved to re-commence his journey, and rest at the next stage. A noise in the street drew Frederic to the window; a crowd had gathered round the door, where the equipage now stood, some to examine the novelty of the construction, others to beg alms. The officious Landlord secretly regretting a misfortune he dared not openly to express in presence of so many witnesses, followed the brothers as they passed through the hall, humbly entreating his lordship to " stop
" at his house upon his return, where he
" should always find the best of accom-
" modation."

Lord Glenarm rushed forward, and stepping into the carriage, threw silver

amongst the poor, whilst Frederic ironically answered, " To be sure he will—
" my brother I see is your ' best cus-
" ' tomer,' ' barring' my father—Keep
" some of your good wine for him—you
" know how much he enjoys it—but
" pray lock up your women from the
" *sleeveen*—for no raisin in life but good
" will."

As the carriage drove away, Mahoolan bowed profoundly, but catching a glimpse of Frederic's mischievous smile, his self-control was no longer proof, and with redoubled vexation he muttered,

" Guh verr an dieul chun shooil thuh
" ah sprissaune graunah !" which being interpreted, is, " The devil run away
" with you—you ugly jackanapes !"

The beggars vociferated, " Long life
" to your Lordship," and " safe *home* to
" your *honour*."

Frederic easily made his peace with his brother, and in due time they arrived

at the place of their destination for that night.

MISS VATCHEL TO THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMERON.

Merrion Square, Friday Morning.

My dear Madam! my kind, my truly loved Marchioness! How shall I express my heart's warm feelings for the condescending goodness with which your Ladyship has invariably honoured me? it would be impossible were I even to attempt it—your own heart, Marchioness, will best understand all I would say—all I feel;—let the car of destiny whirl me where it may, never, never can I forget your Ladyship's distinguished affection!

My time has been completely occupied since our arrival in this city, making preparations for our removal to Glenarm Castle: until this morning, I could not find one moment from inter-

ruption to devote solely to your Ladyship, whom I love *so* dearly, and even now I write *à toute bride*.

Dear Lady Clanroy is unfortunately given up to bad spirits just now—but she is so amiable—so good to me—that words cannot convey an idea of all her kindness, or of my boundless gratitude—and whilst she seems unhappy, I must be afflicted, and my pen partakes of the *sombre* of my mind, but your Ladyship will pardon it.

You desired me, Marchioness, to write all the Dublin news—alas, I have little to communicate that could afford pleasure, except that the streets here are not (as described to us) infested with crowds of idle dirty beggars. A society for the suppression of mendicity has been formed, and large subscriptions collected from householders and others charitably inclined. The good Earl having contributed munificently towards the support of the institution, is indignant if by any chance he be im-

portuned in the streets, for with all the efforts of the society, a solitary mendicant is still sometimes to be seen.

Yesterday, a pretty young woman, with a sweet child in her arms, accosted his Lordship and prayed for relief; he desired her to go to the society-house in Hawkins-street for employment. She wept, and pretended to have been already starved there. He reasoned with her whilst she continued to walk deliberately by his side. A tight pair of new boots which the good Earl unluckily wore, afforded her an opportunity of continuing the dialogue, for he walked slowly, and with seeming pain. Vexed at the failure of her application, and finding all her persuasions ineffectual, the poor woman misconstrued his Lordship's steady refusal into downright parsimony, and stopping suddenly—sobbed

"Oghone! if your honour's heart were "but half as tender as your feet, you "would have relieved me long ago—"

This appeal was irresistible at the instant, although her subsequent conduct and his better judgment on reflection, condemned him for an act of such mistaken charity. Upon his return, he found that the money extorted had rendered the woman (by procuring the means of intoxication) an object of disgust.

An *avant courier*, I rejoice to say, has been dispatched to provide relays of horses for us upon the roads, and tomorrow morning we shall be '*transported*,' as Lady Clanroy says, from Dublin to the rural shades of Glenarm Castle. How Lady Eleanor and I should enjoy this excursion, were it not for the uneasiness evinced by the Countess, and her disappointment in not returning as soon as she could wish to London and your Ladyship.

I am requested to write every assurance of love—need I say, dear Madam, how deeply we lament the privation of your Ladyship's charming society?

Adieu, dearest best loved Marchioness— Permit me to express here the sentiments with which I have the honour to be ever, and wherever I am,

Your Ladyship's
Faithfully attached,
Nourhan Vatchel.

CHAPTER IV.

" How can I express the horror of my thoughts?"
————' trouble, wonder, and amazement
' Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
' Out of this fearful country.'

WITH the remainder of the party, Lady Clanroy reluctantly commenced her journey to Glenarm Castle; for miles a profound silence reigned; at length the Earl said—

" I have so arranged it, that Sydney " and Frederic shall meet us to-morrow " at Belfast, as I wish to enter Bal- " lanaghiera with every becoming " state."

" How far is Ballanaghiera from the Castle?" inquired Lady Eleanor.

" About one mile," returned the Earl; " the park-wall adjoins the town, the " greater part of which is my estate."

"What time of day do you suppose "we may arrive there?" asked the Countess faintly.

"I hope by six o'clock in the after-"noon, that there be light enough to "enjoy the welcome reception I antici-"pate from the tenantry. We shall "dine this day at Newry, and sleep "there."

"Sleep!" echoed Lady Clanroy, and the party relapsed into silence; for as the question of going to *sleep* in Ireland and awaking in Elysium had latterly been rather too often discussed, to leave any thing unsaid upon the subject, the Earl thought it prudent to refrain from comment. At Belfast, the following day, they found Lord Glenarm and Frederic impatiently awaiting them: having changed horses, they re-commenced their journey. When the Earl caught the first view of his wide spreading plantations, he congratulated Lady Clanroy upon her arrival at the seat of his ancestors. The road was on one

side over-hung by venerable though leafless trees, through which the village church appeared.

"We have a capital family vault "here," remarked the Earl, "in which "many of my progenitors are peaceably "laid."

"An enlivening prospect truly," observed the Countess; but her nerves were here fated to experience a severe shock: a crowd had collected to meet the party, and when the first carriage appeared, the multitude flocked round it with a loud shout, impeding the horses in their progress, and completely surrounding the equipage. Flinging herself back in an attitude of despair, Lady Clanroy faulteringly exclaimed,

"Good Heavens! we are beset in "every *endroit* by hoards of ragged "wretched looking beings—would that "we were once more safe in dear Eng-"land!"

These words were drowned in the

loud acclamations of the populace, who vociferously desired leave to take off the horses, and producing ropes, pressed to have the happiness of being harnessed, and of drawing their honours to the castle. With some difficulty, this rude testimony of respect and regard was evaded; but the noise and bustle that reigned throughout, the bonfires which every where met her astonished sight, convinced her how rapturously the return of their Lord was hailed by this warm hearted generous people.

At the castle gates, Lady Clanroy hoped to be relieved from her clamorous escort, but as they followed to the very portal, she had leisure to examine their appearance, and in addition to her former prejudices, discovered in their hard features (or *fancied)* an eye of 'terrible aspect.' And whilst they gazed at her and her party, murmuring praises, and invoking blessings in their native dialect, she translated their eager

looks and wild gestures into meditated murders—treasons—and untold horrors —' so full of shapes is fancy.'

As she stepped hastily from the carriage, and rushed into the hall, she was greeted with a hearty cheer, which was repeated on the appearance of each of the younger ladies, who (unconscious of the terrors Lady Clanroy had conjured up for herself) were delighted with the scene altogether. And turning affably round, kissed their hands and courtsied, whilst the rustics hurrayed, and with one accord exclaimed,

" Dheav ahadtha launtha a valleach " —Achushlah ma chree" (welcome home—thou darling of my heart).— " Keidth meellia faultha roath"—(a hundred thousand welcomes to you) " Long may ye reign asthore! Musha " then, Lord love your pleasant smile! " it's yourself, that's fair as an ig jewel!"

By the previous direction of the Earl, who anxiously looked for a cordial reception, the populace were regaled with

strong beer, &c. &c. and quietly dispersed, impressed with the joyful hope that their Lord had at length come to spend his ample fortune amongst them. The Dean of Corbally was in waiting to receive the Countess and his former pupil, whom with affection he respectfully pressed to his heart. Lord Glenarm and Frederic had not yet arrived; Lady Clanroy was almost breathless with apprehension, on their account, when they appeared, Frederic driving his brother's new mail coach, whilst his Lordship sat with him on the box.

"Take care of the heavy baggage, "Parkinson," said Frederic, carelessly dismounting; then with an affectation of reverence truly ludicrous, he made a low bow to his mother's woman, and to Lady Eleanor's Abigail, who, he said, had done him the superlative honour of taking seats within.

For several days subsequent to the arrival of the family at Glenarm Castle, they were overwhelmed with visitors.

Mrs. Butler was the first upon the list; she felt, however, no small trepidation at approaching the castle in her humble vehicle; yet, encouraged by the Dean, and urged by her three daughters, she ventured upon her jaunting car, whilst the worthy divine trotted on before, with his two sons, Henry and Charles. They were an amiable and agreeable family—met with a gracious reception, and were invited to repeat their visits frequently, which flattering request they promised to bear in mind.

Mrs. Stewart of Cherry Vale, with her two unmarried sisters, the Misses Waller, were the next visitors; Mrs. Stewart, a woman in her forties', was an excellent wife and sister, but further her biographer sayeth not: the before-mentioned *elderly* young ladies, were like any other misses in a small country town, from which they had never emigrated, with, however, the further advantages of a superficial knowledge of music, and a smattering of the French

language: namely, a patois jargon, without either grammar or idiom, which they had acquired from a needy Frenchman of the lowest class in his own country, who merely understood his provincial dialect; thus instructed, they pronounced themselves highly accomplished. The weather, that *new* and inexhaustible topic having been *ably* canvassed by Mrs. Stewart, she looked expressively at her younger sister for support, who perfectly understood the beseeching glance, and thus addressed the Countess:

" Amongst the *foule de monde,* who " will be foremost to pay their *devoirs* " here, your Ladyship will certainly " have a visit from Mrs. Poulton."

" Pray who *is* Mrs. Poulton ?" asked Lady Clanroy. This was a subject upon which Mrs. Stewart *could,* and often had expatiated; she therefore resumed—

" The wife of a gentleman of great " fortune and influence in this county.

" Like some other country squires, he
" devoted the prime of his life to the
" chace and the bottle, and at an ad-
" vanced age, married mistress Betty,
" his house keeper, who presented him
" with two daughters and one son."

" I do not ambition the lady's acquaint-
" ance," said the Countess.

" They have such a monstrous for-
" tune," rejoined Miss Waller, and give
so many entertainments, " that I do
" assure your Ladyship they are con-
" sidered *fier ton* at Ballanaghiera ; but
" Mrs. Poulton, poor soul, is miserably
" deficient in education, and even the
" common courtesies of life."

" That is not to be wondered at," re-
turned Lady Clanroy; " I think Miss
Waller said, that Mrs. Poulton's origin
" was humble—some plebeian per-
" son.—"

" Oh dear, yes," cried Mrs. Stewart,
" his housekeeper for years ; neverthe-
" less she is, in her own opinion and in
" that of her husband, poor man! the
" finest lady—greatest beauty—and

" best judge of *etiquette* (your Ladyship " *perhaps* a singular exception) in the " whole neighbourhood."

These words were scarcely uttered when Mrs. Poulton was announced, and entered the room, attended by her son, Mr. David Poulton: first courtesying to every individual present, and warmly shaking hands severally with Mrs. Stewart and the Misses Waller, she flumped into a seat beside the Countess.

" What a huge corporeal personage," exclaimed Frederic. To Mrs. Stewart's friendly interrogations and kind solicitude about Mrs. Poulton's present state of health and transient colds, *satisfactory* answers being obtained, the latter, with all the unblushing effrontery of excessive ignorance (of which she was happily unconscious) engrossed the entire conversation, and would not leave the Castle until she exacted a promise from the Earl, that his family, including the company present, would take '*pot luck*' with her at Poulton Place the following Thursday. Vainly

were fatigue, slight indisposition, and fifty other excuses pleaded by the Countess. Mrs. Poulton became but the more importunate—would not be refused, and seizing Lady Clanroy's hand, which was coldly withdrawn, she continued—

"Faith, my Leedy, you musn't be
" stiff now—Ah, come, can't you—you'll
" find *the* Place quite contageous for *us*
" to be cronies!"

But no smile of encouragement awaited her in the expressive aspect of the Countess; therefore turning abruptly towards Lady Eleanor, she added, almost in a whisper—

"Leedy O'Nelly, you'll come with
" your dada any how—won't you? Ah,
" do now—thou, young lass," pointing to Miss Vatchell, "and you will have
" lots of fun talking over your bache-
" lors with my young ladies, who has
" *hapes* of sweethearts! Come now,
" don't look so glum; I'll warrant me.
" Miss Whatlem and you 'll have many

"a bout o romps yet wit Depvy,"—and laughing heartily at this witty conceit added—"why not for — the lad will "have twenty thousand a year, and "doesn't owe a groat!"

Mr. David, her hopeful son and heir, thus pleasantly introduced to their notice, by his agreeable mother, loudly echoed her laugh without a knowledge of the cause; for since his entrance, he had been so busily engaged with his whip, which he twirled and balanced with much perseverance, occasionally biting his nails, and adjusting his neck-cloth, that from him 'no word of vulgar sound' had assailed the ear, and if silence were a proof of good breeding, then was Mr. David an adept. Finding all her excuses unavailable, Lady Clanroy was obliged to comply, as the Earl and Viscount, having previously ascertained the number of votes Mr. Poulton could influence, united their persuasions to the entreaties of Mrs. Poulton, who, overjoyed at having gained her

point, and not in the least discouraged by the manifest reluctance of the Countess, cried exultingly—

" Deevy, you sheepfeeced lout—one " would think you never seen quality " afore. Come, put in your gab, and " wish a good day to the leedies, for " I am going to make my *debow,* as your " sisters says it in French."

Then rising in ' huge amplitude,' and giving ' the body's bulk to every limb,' she approached the Countess to take leave saying,

" You needn't be afeared of meeting " any vulgarisms at the place, my " leedy, for I mortually hate low com- " pany," and departed; whilst Frederic, with a stifled groan, murmured

" Exit the *arbiter elegantiarum* of " Ballanaghiera.'

CHAPTER V.

‘ Nothing exceeds in ridicule no doubt
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out,
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
That what in oddness can be more sublime
Than L——, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies.’

MRS. POULTON'S showy landau was succeeded by a plain dark green curricle, upon which the letter L. appeared simply surmounted by a Viscount's coronet. Lord Llancharne, and Colonel Oulney were announced: the Colonel was a venerable looking figure, related to Lord Llancharne, who was nephew to the Earl of Clanroy. The Viscount, a spirited inconsiderate dashing youth, better described by his own phrase, "*up to every thing,*" and with the best dispositions, was almost spoiled by the over indulgence of his widowed

mother, with whom he generally resided at Hilltown, about ten miles distant from the castle.

He had that morning induced Colonel Oulney, on some frivolous pretext, and in defiance of a smart frost, to drive in his curricle; and was deaf to his entreaties to return, until he had introduced him to his uncle's family, with whom his Lordship had ever been a favourite. They were rejoiced to see him, and easily prevailed upon the Colonel and his Lordship to remain a few days at the castle.

Their visit, although expected, was the frolic of the hour, and Lady Llancharne, ignorant of the route they had taken, expected their return to dinner, and should have been alarmed at their protracted absence, had not this amiable but eccentric young nobleman, unwilling to give his much-loved parent one moment's uneasiness, privately dispatched Williams (a confidential servant who had attended him from in-

fancy) with some hasty lines to her, affectionately assuring her he would soon return, and perhaps bring some of his cousins with him. Promising to send her a *bulletin secretly* every day, and concluding with an apology for having consented to stay from her, couched in the following terms:— "besides, my dear aunt was so glad to see me, and Norah so bewitching, I could not resist their united importunities to remain a short time here, where mirth and festivity are the order of the day, and nought to be lamented, but your absence."

After a social dinner, Colonel Oulney proposed to send an express to Hilltown.

"To what end pray?" cried the volatile Llancharne.

"To relieve the anxiety and appre-"hensions your good lady mother may "feel upon our account," gravely replied the Colonel.

"Perplex my gravity! but that's a

"queer one," rejoined Lord Llancharne; "tell me seriously, my gay veteran, "do you think an old dowager *can* "feel?"

Unaware that his nephew had already apprised Lady Llancharne of his visit, the Earl, frowning with displeasure, said —"How *can you*, Henry, make such a "callous disrespectful speech of your "incomparable mother, my sister?"

Lord Llancharne sprang from his seat, whilst the hectic of a moment flushed his cheek, and affectionately pressing his uncle's hand, proposed the house should adjourn on the present question. A servant entering as he spoke, delivered a packet to the Countess, a note to his Lordship, and retired. Lady Clanroy glancing over a part of the contents, whilst a smile of mingled surprise and affection played round her lips, exclaimed—

"The Right Hon. Henry (Hilltown), "by descent Lord Viscount Llancharne, "Baron Abbeville, stands acquitted of

" the charge imputed to him of treason,
" and want of fealty towards his liege
" mother, who here informs me, that to
" indulge herself by seeing us, and to
" reward his solicitude for her feelings,
" she will join our circle after to-
" morrow, and personally acknowledge
" his attention and filial affection."

" Blown—by all that's whimsical!" cried Llancharne, and hurried from the room.

" Extraordinary young man," observed the Earl.

" Harry is still *l'enfant gâté*," rejoined the Countess.

" He is," resumed the Earl, " an in-
" comprehensible being: unlike most
" young men of his rank, he endeavours
" to conceal, beneath a mask of levity,
" the uncorrupted goodness of his
" heart."

" When time meliorates his vivacity," said Colonel Oulney, gallantly bowing to the ladies, " or I should say, when
" his heart feels the merit of some de-

"serving object, who will condescend "to hold him in silken chains, and "although she guide him, 'never seem "to rule,' but by her discretion, restrain "the too great exuberance of his ani-"mal spirits, he will prove a valuable "ornament to society."

His eyes rested upon Lady Eleanor, to whom he thought the description applicable; and as she accidentally smiled at Miss Vatchel, he was persuaded that in time she would, or ought to be, the object to lead his wild friend to every thing 'but repentance.'

When Lady Clanroy felt perfectly recovered from the fatigues of her journey, and had, without a *military escort*, returned the neighbouring visits in safety, she acknowledged her idle fears conquered; and expressed a desire to see more of a country so deservedly extolled. Lady Llancharne had not arrived, but was hourly expected.

One day a drive to Corbally, and from thence to Loch-Larne, was proposed,

The Countess, with Nourhan, Colonel Oulney, and Frederic, in the barouche, permitted Lady Eleanor to venture in the dicky with Lord Llancharne, who insisted upon driving, as he said, " to " electrify the *natives*." He had some difficulty in forming the arrangement, but was warmly seconded by the Colonel, who thought this might prove a favourable opportunity for promoting his scheme; whilst his Lordship only wished to show his cousin how dextrously he could manage four in hand.

His excessive spirits kept Lady Eleanor in continual alarm, and gave an additional glow to her natural colour. They encountered innumerable difficulties in some parts of the road, which were narrow and rugged, but at those he laughed, asserting, he could turn upon a shilling, and would bet a thousand his wheels should not deviate from a chalked line for miles. Earnestly regarding her, he exclaimed—

" Dearest Nohr, how captivating you

"look! our *suburban beauties* will hide
"their diminished heads in despair
"when *you* appear — and our *savage*
"*homo's*, enslaved by your superior
"charms, must involuntarily pay homage
"at the shrine of your divinityship!"

She gaily returned—"Should the
"men possess your versatility, my con-
"quests will be of short duration, I
"fear."

"Bewitching gipsey! you forget that
"Sydney has foretold a permanent con-
"quest is to be achieved by your bright
"eyes;" he then playfully sung 'The
ray that beams for ever.'

The winding road hung midway round the declivity of a hill, on one side richly planted, the other a precipitous slope; it commanded an extensive view of the distant ocean. On turning an angle, they descried, advancing, a carriage and four piebalds, driven by a gentleman—an officer lolled carelessly beside him, apparently reading a newspaper; they were attended by three outriders: in a

moment the hills resounded to the echo of horns blown by the servants of either party, thereby intimating that the road must be cleared for their respective masters.

"Here is a to do," cried Llancharne, "a *runcounter* by all that's formidable "—now Norah, my girl, prepare to pass "a carriage with all possible science, in "the true bang-up style."

"Surely, Harry, you would not at-"tempt to proceed in this dangerous "place — consider the delicacy of "mamma's nerves—look at the awful "precipice into which, without infinite "care, one party or other must inevita-"bly be precipitated—stop—oh think "one moment!"

Whilst she spoke, the other equipage had rapidly advanced, and involuntarily both parties drew up, within a few paces of each other.

"What is to be done, my Lord?" cried Williams, riding up to the side of the Viscount. This faithful domestic

was invariably treated with confidence, and a certain degree of familiarity by his lord, who coolly replied—

"That's a neat turn out, Williams—a "new thing, damn-me, beats this hol- "low, by Jupiter."

"It wants the *coronet*, please your "Lordship."

"Aye, true—a London build, how- "ever—but what ails the fellow? he "appears to be a gentleman, yet seems "flabbergashed in the middle of the "road—perplex me! Present my com- "pliments, and say there is abundance "of room, and that I wish to proceed."

"Oh no—no—no!" exclaimed all the ladies in consternation.

When the driver of the piebalds first beheld the Earl's equipage advancing, he thus addressed his companion, "Do "lay aside that paper, Vincent—here "is something better worth looking at."

"Ye gods and little fishes! what "roses and lilies—pink, satin, and sable."

"You know the party?"

" Not I; they are strangers, perhaps
" the Clanroys: have we room enough
" to pass?"

" Scarcely—what a lovely girl!"

" Ye—es,—well enough—but she is
" an arrant coward; pray observe the
" panic in which she appears to be, and
" how earnestly she addresses that lucky
" dog."

" Here, Vincent, do take the reins,
" whilst I fly to calm the fears her ex-
" pressive countenance betrays."

" She may do very well without your
" *petits soins;* you had better sit still,
" and keep moving—hip—crack whip,
" and spank away."

" Not for a kingdom."

Colonel Oulney and Frederic assisted the ladies to alight: the stranger also dismounting, advanced, and bowing gracefully, apologized for the alarm he had involuntarily occasioned; offering, as some atonement to them, to have his horses taken off if necessary, and carriage turned—which his servants were

preparing to do, when Llancharne, standing up and steadily viewing the ground, exclaimed—

"What now—where's the danger? "Curse me, but I'd pass a Wiltshire "waggon here with ease and without "accident."

"I rather think, Sir," rejoined the stran-"ger, the attempt would be hazardous."

"Are *you afraid*, Sir"—ironically answered Llancharne —"Annihilate me, "Colonel, but I'd stake a cool hundred "on the event; double the bet, and "by my prowess, veteran, I will take "the precipice side of the road."

"Done!" cried the stranger, "were "it for a thousand;" piqued at the insinuation that he was afraid to venture, hastily regaining his seat, he seized the reins; his attitude convinced Llancharne he was an admirable whip, which, if dextrously managed, was so much to his Lordship's prejudice, and he almost repented the rash undertaking; but considering his reputation, as a member

of the club, at stake, he boldly determined to run all hazards rather than recede. The entreaties of his aunt and cousin (who were nearly fainting with apprehension for his safety) were unheeded in the bustle of the moment. Lady Clanroy, dreading to see her nephew plunged into the immeasurable depth, should he persevere in his wild purpose, unconsciously suffered herself to be conducted to a little distance by Frederic, who endeavoured to tranquillize her by assurances that there was not the least danger. Lady Eleanor and Miss Vatchel followed, attended by the Colonel, who also exerted himself to calm their fears, and thought he discovered, in the agitation of the former, a confirmation of his wishes in favour of his giddy relative.

In an instant the affair was decided: Lord Llancharne passed like a second Jehu, and without accident. Turning triumphantly round, to claim the approbation of his party, he perceived, with

dismay, the Countess in the arms of Frederic. His impetuosity and folly now flashed upon him, and secretly reprobating his thoughtless conduct, he alighted, and approaching, conjured her to pardon his rashness: Lady Clanroy silently gave him her hand.

The stranger had also advanced, but seemed unwilling to intrude, and stood at a little distance from the group, until he perceived they were about to return to their carriage. The Countess was the first to observe him, and courteously returned his salutation. He renewed his apologies for the uneasines he had unwillingly created. The pallid hue which had overspread Lady Eleanor's countenance at her mother's indisposition and cousin's imprudence, now disappeared, and her natural colour returned with deepened glow, when, on raising her eyes, she beheld those of the stranger rivetted upon her; they were instantly withdrawn, on his perceiving that she ob-

served him; and, in return, she had leisure to remark his noble manly figure. He appeared somewhat older than Lord Glenarm, and his complexion, which was a clear brown, showed he had visited foreign climes.

His *amende* was graciously accepted, and the party were re-entering the barouche, when suddenly recollecting his debt of honour, which at the risk of his neck and equipage he had foolishly incurred to prove his courage and contempt of money, he turned to Lord Llancharne, and requesting his address, said carelessly—

"I seldom carry money about me in "the country."

"That I'll be sworn, my noble fellow!" cried the Viscount, shaking him warmly by the hand; "you have not much *dross* "about you my hero, as the track of "your wheels on the mountain side "evince. Blow me! Veteran—but the "encroachment of one single inch would

" have done my business, and saved this
" gentleman's purse, at the expence of
" my neck —"

" I trust I am not a deliberate as-
" sassin," interrupted the stranger.

Llancharne laughed, and continued,
" I say, Colonel, as we did not post the
" coal, I conceive there was *no* bet."

The stranger remonstrated, saying,
" I am of a different opinion; I have
" decidedly lost."

Against which Colonel Oulney and Frederic warmly protested, and the Colonel thus addressed the stranger—

" Your generous conduct, Sir, in re-
" linquishing a fancied triumph you
" could so easily have acquired, has
" ensured you the esteem of Lord Clan-
" roy's family, and with pleasure I per-
" ceive your late opponent, my Lord
" Llancharne, already burns with im-
" patience to have the honour of being
" known to you, and to rank you amongst
" the number of his chosen friends—"

Then respectfully taking Lady Eleanor's

passive hand, which was accidentally within his reach, he continued, " Your " Ladyship should unite in expressing " the happiness *you* must feel in the " safety of a life so dear and valuable, " and in his Lordship's escape from such " imminent danger."

This animated speech, in which the friends of Lady Eleanor saw nothing more than the good old man's exultance at the success of his favourite, appeared to have electrified the unknown. She silently courtesied, and exchanged seats with Frederic, whilst the stranger, casting a glance of mingled admiration and confusion at Lady Eleanor, bowed coolly to the Colonel, without attempting any reply, and with evident embarrassment, to Lord Llancharne; then returned to his carriage, remounted, and quickly drove off.

" Strange enough," quoth the Colonel," who had expected a suitable return to his polite address.

" Eleanor's refrigerative genuflection

" banished him," cried Frederic, " un-
" less he is, as I suspect, some ignora-
" mus, terrified at *jostling* nobility."

" He is wondrous handsome," archly observed Miss Vatchel.

" Except for his abrupt departure,
" his manners bespeak *l'homme comme il*
" *faut*," said the Countess.

An assenting smile hovered on Lady Eleanor's lip, as she gently remarked,
" They do, indeed, seem highly po-
" lished."

" By all that's enviable!" exclaimed Llancharne, " he is finely proportioned,
" yet withal rot me but he is a queer
" one."

" Who *can* he be?" was the general inquiry; " Nobody," said Frederic, " or
" we should have seen him at the
" castle."

" By the whiskers of Saint Bridget," cried Llancharne, " he is a rare one,
" and seems surprisingly at home here—
" perplexingly *au fait* of these barren
" wilds."

" My courtesy—and his appearance
" out of the question," observed Lady Eleanor, looking reproachfully at Frederic, " we might from his equipage
" infer he was somebody."

" By no means child," retorted Frederic, " that distinction is no longer an
" established principle. Every trades-
" man sports his own *machine* in these
" days : *par exemple*, you may recollect
" before we left town a certain upholder,
" since gone to the devil, drove in his
" curricle to Merrion-square, to take
" orders for new furniture. Raved of
" the beauties of his own country-house,
" and of his *wife!* boasting that one
" was a *fairy hill*, the other an *angel*, I
" understand his practice was, to take
" this obese animal in their *own* neat
" carriage, to admire the happy effect of
" his superior taste and judgment in
" the execution of his work : therefore,
" should they remigrate, we may yet
" expect a visit at the castle from Mis-
" tress Drapery."

"Let her beware," cried Llancharne, "for positively if she has the audacity "to venture, I shall have her *tarred* for "crossing the *line* of discretion, and "when she returns to the shop, she will "be *feathered, gratis.*"

This observation made the laugh general, but the conversation reverted to the stranger, and teemed with speculative conjecture, until their return home, where they were agreeably surprised by the arrival of some unexpected guests, together with Lady Llancharne, and Major and Mrs. Chudleigh.

The drive had been extended considerably beyond the deanery, and their return protracted to a later hour than was intended. On the hall table lay innumerable cards and letters—one addressed to 'The Viscount Llancharne, '&c. &c.' particularly caught their attention. It was sealed with a beautiful antique impression of Apollo and the Muses on Mount Parnassus, with Cupid hovering over them in the attitude of

discharging an arrow, thereby signifying, that love is necessary to produce harmony.

" A good device for some poor stricken " devil of a lover," cried Llancharne, " but I swear to you, Madam Norah, " upon my modesty it is *not* a lady's " hand—And now for the contents."

To his infinite mortification a blank envelope presented itself, containing two notes of one hundred pounds each—these, he rightly conjectured, came from the stranger.

" *L'argent ne lui coûte guère,*" observed Nourhan. " How provoking is this " *blank,*" replied his Lordship.

Frederic could not coincide in the assertion, but protested, such a letter, at Oxford, would be deemed a *capital prize,* which he explained, by saying, that packets generally received there, even when covering such enclosures, came overbalanced by the weight of admonition. To the seal they again referred, but it being a fanciful device,

did not lead to the wished-for discovery: the hall porter was interrogated with as little success; he stated that the person who had left the packet merely desired it might be given to Lord Llancharne, and without saying whence it came, rode off.

An apology was despatched to Poulton-place for the following day, to the great relief of the Countess, who had in the new arrivals, a reasonable pretext for declining the unwished-for invitation.

CHAPTER VI.

——————‘ What! do I love her,
‘ That I desire to hear her speak again,
‘ And feast upon her eyes?’

WHEN the stranger had silently and abruptly left the party, he resumed the reins, and his companion inquired—
“ Was I right—were those the Clan-
“ roys?”

“ I believe so—Lord Llancharne was
“ my opponent, and the lovely interest-
“ ing being, whose complexion and pe-
“ lisse you admired, is, I fancy, Lady
“ Llancharne.”

“ I thought his Lordship was unmarried.”

“ The very youthful appearance of
“ the lady sanctions the idea of her
“ being single; but had you beheld her
“ whilst she was endeavouring to sooth
“ Lady Clanroy’s alarms, and had lei-

"sure as I had, to contemplate the
"varied emotions—the sensibility that
"irradiated her countenance, *you* would
"have been captivated."

"Oh! ho! then I presume you are
"caught: love at first sight is just the
"romantic sort of fine thing for you."

"Ridiculous—I have seen a thousand
"beautiful women without ever feeling
"more for them than profound admi-
"ration. But in Lady Llancharne there
"is something so fascinating, so exqui-
"sitely chaste—and in modesty, there
"is a charm, 'may more betray our
"sense than woman's lightness.' 'Dost
"thou suppose,' Vincent, 'even nature's
"rose, could sweeter breath or hues
"disclose, than dwell upon her lip?'"

"She is but a half blown rose; an
"even bet that she is *not* married."

"I have already played the fool too
"deeply in that way to-day to adven-
"ture a second time." After a short
silence, he continued, "Tell me, Vin-
"cent, why are some men's hearts,

" *your's* amongst the number, so im-
" mersed in the cold gloom of apathy,
" that they are proof against female at-
" tractions, and rarely feel the glow of
" love or force of beauty?

' Blame not the heart, the fault is in the eye.'

" How will you make that appear?"

" Very simply; but the reason you
" do not comprehend it is, that your
" warm heart, stored with fervid feel-
" ings, ' burns for the queen of charms,
" and throbs to serve her.'

" Admirable—by the gods, quite poe-
" tical."

" No—no—say rather prose run
" mad—you think I am proof against
" beauty—that is paying my honesty a
" greater compliment than perhaps you
" intended, for, as Shakespeare says,

' Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.'

" ——— and whose writings display
" more knowledge of character? He
" also says, women are frail:

'Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
'Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.'

"and yet I have heard him rapturously "extolled by the ladies."

"You could not urge a stronger argu- "ment in their favour; it proves their "generosity, when they can allow "merit even to their calumniators; but "Shakespeare palliates the charge by "attributing it to an unsuspecting easi- "ness of belief; that only disadvantage "of honest hearts, *credulity*, which ren- "dering them liable to false impressions, "makes it a question whether the "'tempter or the tempted sins most?'"

"You are an old sophister; but we "are wandering from the point."

"True; you have not accounted for "your insensibility, or explained why "the eye is more in fault than the "heart."

"Will you laugh if I prove your head "to be an optical machine, a mere "*camera obscura?*"

" Mine ?"

" Yes ; or mine."

" Good : proceed."

" Your eyes, *n'importe la teinture*, serve
" but as convex glasses ; every brilliant
" object that flits before them (and it
" requires not much penetration to pro-
" nounce that *you* think WOMAN the
" brightest in creation) sends in its
" image through these crystal lens,
" which meeting with the mirror of the
" brain, the reflection quickly striking
" thence upon the *heart*, stamps *there*
" the charming miniature. Thus has
" Dame Nature whimsically fashioned
" man."

" What—all mankind ?"

" Why, no ; not *all*, but some poor
" wights ; *you*, for instance, whose heart
" of tinder has just been fired by a
" random flash, from the converging
" rays of Lady Llancharne's eye."

Away with the flimsey humbug.'

" Then you deny that her witching

"beauty has roused your slumbering
"passions or touched your heart, al-
"though you affirm that mine would
"have surrendered *tout-à-coup.*"

"Your's is not the tribunal before
"which I should either wish to plead
"guilty to, or care to refute such a
"charge. But how do you contrive to
"steel your heart against beauty?"

"Give *me* no merit; that vixen Na-
"ture in some of her freaks mischiev-
"ously placed a dull sleepy eye with-
"out a focus in my bewildered skull
"(doubtless she did it to annoy me, and
"we have been at variance ever since),
"consequently the incipient reflection
"ere it is formed, and long before it
"could reach my poor retina, becomes
"evanescent, and never imprints a per-
"fect image of any external object, how-
"ever beautiful in its nature: thus my
"mind is deprived of the perception of
"female charms."

"Well defined; a capital description

" of your eyes, but one you would not
" relish at second hand."

Thus discussing 'love-politics' they continued their drive, the stranger sometimes endeavouring to laugh off his friend's raillery; at others, suffering his thoughts to dwell upon the supposed Lady Llancharne. Whilst he had remained an unobserved spectator of the group, he had studied Lady Eleanor's countenance, and upon her accidently raising her eyes and meeting his ardent gaze, he romantically conceived in their effulgence he could read the intelligence of her mind and thought, should it correspond with her exterior, she was the only woman he had seen with whom he could wish his destiny united. The suffusion his impassioned glance had excited, seemed a veil raised by innate modesty to shield her from the rude gaze of a stranger, and he regretted in the indulgence of involuntary admiration to have caused even a momentary un-

easiness to such a being as his enthusiastic imagination had pictured.

Lord Llancharne's apparent intimacy with her first alarmed him; Colonel Oulney appealing particularly to *her* to express her happiness at the 'safety of a *life* so *dear* and valuable,' struck upon his heart, and destroyed its pleasing illusions, and he summarily concluded, that in the person of the wild inconsiderate Llancharne, he beheld her husband. The regret and confusion caused by this fancied discovery, prompted him to fly her presence; but ere he departed, inclination, too often found irresistible, induced him to steal another glance—fatal indulgence! In the conversation of his companion, whilst driving rapidly homewards, he hoped to find an antidote to that 'busy spectre thought,' which ever and anon will intrude.

On reaching Kilmoyn, his place of residence, he repaired to the library, and taking the amount of the bet from his

secretaire, laid it on the table. All attempts to address Lord Llancharne, in a style suitable to his wishes, were ineffectual; as the fortunate husband of the being whom alone he thought worthy of his estimation, he could not endure to write to him. Folding the notes in a blank envelope, and directing it, with a trembling hand, he sealed it with his coat of arms, which he afterwards replaced with a fanciful device.

Having dispatched the packet, he hoped to forget his morning adventure, and resolved sedulously to avoid all places of public resort or private invitation, where there was a probability of meeting the Llancharne or Clanroy families. Unused to form such hasty conclusions, a gleam of hope cheered his mind on reflecting that she of whom he thought, might be the sister and not the wife of Lord Llancharne: under this new idea, he hoped his susceptive imagination had led him to misconstrue the old gentleman's expressions; for what

could be more natural than the chastened familiarity of a brother, or the tender anxiety of a sister. To ascertain the truth, he employed a confidential person to learn and report to him the names of the company, then inmates of the castle. Impatiently awaiting the return of this emissary, he traversed the room with unequal steps; intending, should his first conjectures relative to the lady prove erroneous, to seek an introduction; and if, upon acquaintance, he found her disposition assimilate with her appearance, to try, by every means in his power, to render himself agreeable to her.

Engrossed with this delightful anticipation, he sunk into a pleasing reverie, which, though of long continuance, he thought too soon terminated by the distressing confirmation (as he understood) of his first supposition; being informed by his messenger, that besides the Earl's family, were many visitors at the castle, amongst whom

were enumerated Lord and *Lady* Llancharne, Colonel Oulney, and a long et cetera. Surprised at the poignancy of his feelings on learning this intelligence, and provoked with himself for giving way to the vehemence of passion for a cause so transient, he took himself severely to task. All the smiling visions of his newly formed hope were at once dispelled. He had often laughed at the idea of love at first sight; he now considered the emotion more violent, and wished to find it less permanent than that formed on the basis of esteem.

Born and nurtured 'in the land of the cedar and vine,' his mind was fraught with a romance engendered amid scenes, 'where flowers ever blossom' and 'beams ever shine;' accustomed from his cradle to the indulgence of his every wish, he had the more easily imbibed the soft impression, regardless of consequences. Now bereft of hope, he nobly determined to reject for ever the bril-

"ing hydro——— some damned long-
"winded; never-ending name for wa-
"ter—" he 'spoke and rapped his box.'

"A formidable monster, truly," retorted the sarcastic naturalist, "and
"never ending, *for* we have been fa-
"voured with but the two first sylla-
"bles—"

"I am rather of your opinion, Sir
"Edmond," said Lord Llancharne; "it
"certainly would be more rational for
"the *demoiselles* to follow our example,
"and kill time by way of prevention."

Throwing down her mace, Mrs. Chudleigh cried, "there is a cannon, Sir Ed-
"mond, I have pocketed the red ball;
"that is game."

"Now we are equal, will you play
"the conqueror?"

"Not now—I am for a ride—who
"will take a dash?"

The Baronet and Frederic equally contending for the honour of becoming her escort, the affair was quickly arranged, and their horses ordered. Lord Glen-

arm had for some days been absent on a canvassing tour through the county. Preparations were making at the castle for a ball to be given, on the thirty-first of December, for the avowed purpose of taking leave, or dancing out the old year, and of welcoming, or ushering in the new with a dance; but in reality with the speculation of paying compliment to those whose influence could affect Lord Glenarm's interest upon the election. Cards for a fancy ball, with liberty to wear masks, had also been issued for twelfth night. The expected election was hourly drawing the absentees to the country, and the Earl wished, by every possible exertion, to regain the popularity he had forfeited, by having allowed so many years to elapse since he had visited his estates in Ireland. This description of gala being somewhat novel in that neighbourhood, caused a general exhilaration of spirits, and great interest was making to procure tickets.

Lady Eleanor and Miss Vatchel were

prohibited from adopting any disguise to conceal their features, but had liberty to choose what dresses they pleased. Encouraged by the undeviating kindness of her patroness, Nourhan inquired if she might select the costume of an Eastern clime. Though surprised by the request, Lady Clanroy indulgently complied with it, reminding Nourhan that she or Lady Eleanor should not upon any account wear masks, adding—

" I have some idea of figuring away " as the Lady Marguerite, and should " wish Eleanor to assume the simple " character of her fair namesake, as " described by the Scottish minstrel."

" Dear mamma, I never should have " courage to answer if addressed by a " stranger mask."

" That is being altogether too *naïve*, " Eleanor."

" So I thought at your age child," said Lady Llancharne, " but half an hour " reconciled me to the scene."

looked submissively at her mother, who instantly returned, "The specimen you "so recently gave of indiscretion, "dear Llancharne, makes me unwilling "to trust her again with such a cha-"rioteer. Pray excuse her."—

Perceiving her darling hurt by this refusal, Lady Llancharne anxiously pleaded for her son; and entreated permission for her niece to indulge him with her company, should she feel so inclined, recommending his curricle and her old horses, instead of the spirited bloods, he usually drove tandem; and promising to be answerable for her safe return. Lady Llancharne's arguments were seconded by Colonel Oulney. Not choosing to give offence by a positive denial of a suit so urged, Lady Clanroy reluctantly assented; and Lord Llna-charne having agreed to the conditions, left the room, saying he would order his mother's old, black, long-tailed, heavy carriage horses, and bowing obsequiously to the ladies, protested he

was their slave, and lived but to obey them; as a proof of which, he would countermand his ponies, and give the *antiqucs* a special *airing*. Elated with having carried his point, and finding his favorites already harnessed, the previous stipulations were forgotten; the curricle with his own young horses ordered to the door, he soon returned, and bore off his lovely cousin in triumph. Frederic, by his mother's desire, joined them on horseback; but ere they had proceeded one mile, recollected Mrs. Chudleigh—billiards—and in defiance of his cousin's raillery, parted from them with accustomed *sang froid*.

" Pray admire the beauty of the sur-
" rounding scenery," said Llancharne, whose buoyant spirits rose with every step; " can any thing be more pictur-
" esque than a country view of a De-
" cember morning?—leafless trees—
" mountain torrents — immeasurable
" tracts of bog—nothing like it in Eng-
" land, or even Switzerland—I wish

" Montgomery would send a wanderer
" through Ireland."

" Now, Harry, that you have pic-
" tured the least inviting prospects, let
" me describe the beauties of the land-
" scape. Those ruins, mouldering to
" decay, and partly covered with ivy;
" that windmill in motion; and in the
" adjoining field, the ploughing oxen,
" and busy rustics—not classically dress-
" ed, I grant you."—

" Grant me your attention," inter-
rupted Llancharne; " you may recollect
" that good pleasant fellow Parkmain—

" Perfectly."

" When his relative, Lady Longhurst,
" was first *translated* to this island of
" Saints, she imported nearly as much
" prejudice as my timid aunt; and with
" equally apprehensive reluctance, was
" prevailed upon to visit Longhurst's
" estates in a neighbouring county:
" those ruffians in that field,—pardon
" me, *rustics*, I should say,—remind me
" of a famous quiz played off against

" her by Parkmain. One day, shortly
" after her arrival, as she was beginning
" to enjoy a drive in the country, he
" espied the Longhurst liveries at some
" little distance coming towards him—
" galloping into a field where a number
" of labourers were collected to make
" hay, or dig potatoes, he called to the
" men to surround the carriage, and
" with shouts of welcome to greet the
" new comer—slily riding forward to
" enjoy the hoax, he joined Lady Long-
" hurst with gratulations upon her im-
" proved looks. At the moment a herd
" of *such* looking beings as yonder
" ploughmen came flying across the
" field towards the road-side, and Lady
" Longhurst, who had *heard* of Irish
" wings, no longer doubted the reality
" of their existence, for the tattered
" garments of the labourers flowing
" in the wind, gave to their half-clothed
" figures in her terrified imagination
" all the semblance of fluttering pinions.

" Sickening with apprehension, she
" faulteringly exclaimed, ' Save me, oh
" save me ! I am lost.'—' Oh, you have
" nothing to fear,' returned the General
" with a smile, 'those poor creatures are
" innocent, harmless beings, who merely
" wish to welcome you, and that is all.'
" ' But what shall I do with them ?' she
" tremblingly inquired,' ' they look half
" starved.' ' They are really hungry,' he
" rejoined—' give the poor fellows a few
" pounds to procure a breakfast ; and,
" wild as they appear, such is their
" gratitude, they will almost worship
" you.'—Parkmain made way for the
" rustics, who flocked round the equi-
" page with shouts as dulcet in Lady
" Longhurst's ear, as the war-whoop of
" a Cherokee ; her Ladyship instantly
" dropped her purse, containing ten or
" twelve pounds, into the hat nearest to
" her, and conveniently held for the
" purpose, and paddy soon retired, im-
" ploring blessings on the donor, but

"more fervent supplications for the "prosperity of the promoter of such "bounty."

Thus "words followed words," and by accident they spoke of the *rencontre* with the stranger at the brow of the precipice. They mutually expressed surprise at the apparent mystery of his conduct, and were of opinion he must have been a traveller, for had he resided in the neighbourhood, they thought in all probability they should have encountered him in their round of visits. The road they pursued, like most of the private ones in Ireland, was hilly, with deep ditches on either side. A disagreeable effluvia proceeding from lime-burning, induced Lady Eleanor to propose their taking a different route, as soon as they could turn with safety; first inquiring where the present direction led. It had formerly been the back avenue to an old house, and demesne once belonging to a noble family now extinct; he thoughtlessly informed her

that it terminated in a bog where numbers had perished, from being unacquainted with the firm parts of it, and by incautiously trusting to a deceitful appearance of verdure concealing the marshy places, where any creature venturing to tread was swallowed up for ever; that innumerable poor persons, whilst endeavouring to extricate their cattle, had, in their ineffectual struggles, been buried alive. Alarmed at the description, she entreated he might take the first opportunity to return, which he promised, when their attention was attracted by the figure of a sportsman in the old demesne; he quickened his pace, but whether with a view to avoid or meet them, distance prevented their ascertaining. The first impulse of Lady Eleanor led her to inquire whether he were rebel or robber; at which her cousin laughed, and was about to reply, when a labourer, who had been wheeling stones to the park wall (then undergoing repair), and

who had gazed with stupid wonder at their approach, suddenly emptied the contents of his barrow; the noise thus occasioned, echoed amongst the hills in sounds resembling a discharge of musketry—the horses took head, and ere Lord Llancharne could restrain them, fled with the utmost rapidity.

To turn in full gallop upon such a narrow road was impracticable, he therefore conjured her to keep her seat, saying he could guide the horses with a thread. She thought they actually flew, and each moment expected to be entombed in the frightful morass. Her natural strength of mind, but above all, her firm reliance on the gracious and ready help of that Providence whom each day she supplicated in the name of Him who pleads for all! to guide and protect her from every kind of danger, alone supported her at this trying moment. She perceived a descent in the road, and soon beheld, with all its horrors, the object of her worst appre-

hensions—the bog—spreading far and wide before them. The velocity of motion prevented her discerning any other object; when a violent shock, caused by the horses being suddenly stopped, threw her forward, and she lost all recollection.

From an eminence of the old demesne, in which the stranger was coursing, he had perceived their approach, and the seeming danger with which they were threatened: impelled by benevolence, he had darted across a short path-way, which led to an abrupt angle in the road, meditating, should nothing better offer, to try and arrest the progress of the frightened steeds with his arm, dreading the consequences of their plunging into the fatal swamp. It seemed an interposition of Providence, when on reaching the stile, he espied two cars laden with turf; springing forward, he had caught the foremost horse, and had turned him across the road, directing the carman to follow his ex-

ample with the other; thus completely blockading the passage. Placing the man at the head of the foremost horse, he had but time to desire him to prepare to catch the reins, and prevent the terrified animals from plunging into the ditch, when they came up. Rushing forward with outstretched arms, he hoped to save the lady, but failed; she had fallen ere he could reach her.

To Lord Llancharne, hitherto perfectly collected, it had appeared but the terrific vision of a moment, when Lady Eleanor's seemingly lifeless form, stretched upon the road, and supported by the stranger, painfully convinced him of its reality. The carman had quitted his horse, and stood by the heads of the panting steeds. His Lordship leaped from the curricle, passionately exclaiming,

"Eleanor—my life—my love—my "soul—look up—speak to me—she "is cold—she is dead,"—he added, with a look fraught with unutterable an-

guish, "I have killed her—death's in "her face—" turning wildly to the stranger, unmindful of his attentions, he continued—"If you have the feelings of "a man, help me to carry her to the "nearest house—we may there obtain "relief—it is not too late—she will "—she must revive——"

Whilst the stranger's heart was uplifted with gratitude to the great Omniscient, under whose all-guiding influence he had been instrumental in preserving his fellow mortals, his blood ran chill on discovering the insensible form of the supposed Lady Llancharne in his arms. Trembling with the violence of his emotion, and scarcely able to support his burthen, he with some difficulty reached an open gate, and gently placing her on the sward, chafed her hands, unconscious that he did so. His lordship's voice roused him to a sense of his situation: the wildness of his looks, the passionate exclamations he uttered, proved how truly she was loved; and with ac-

customed philanthropy he pitied the supposed husband's sufferings. From analogy to what his own feelings would have been upon a like occasion, the compassion he felt for the distracted Llancharne, comparatively tranquillized his disturbed mind. Endeavouring to soothe him by assurances that Lady Eleanor had but fainted, and placing her in his arms, he assisted to convey her to the house which they soon gained. They entered by a window opening to the ground, placed Lady Eleanor on a couch, and the stranger saying, he would resign her to his Lordship's care, quitted the room; but returned directly with a respectable looking woman, who brought restoratives, which she assiduously applied to the unconscious sufferer: they had soon the happiness to perceive symptoms of returning animation.

Lord Llancharne's agony at the alarming situation to which Lady Eleanor had been reduced, had, from the time they left the road, been too great for utter-

ance: he silently watched by her, whilst listening with indescribable anxiety for her returning respiration; now with a burst of rapture he suddenly exclaimed—

"Thank God! thank God!——She "lives!"

Intimating that the violence of his Lordship's joy might, in the present weak state of the Lady's nerves, occasion a relapse, the stranger recommended their leaving the room until she were perfectly restored; adding, "Do "let me prevail on your Lordship to "follow my advice—pardon me for in-"terfering, but *your Lady* will be in-"finitely more at ease when she revives, "on finding herself with one of her own "sex, upon whose soothing attentions "you may confidently rely. Mrs. Cul-"len will gently dispel her Ladyship's "alarms, and compose her agitated "spirits."

On quitting the room, Lord Llancharne for the first time recognized in

his benevolent host the driver of the piebalds: after a moment of speechless surprise, he exclaimed—" By all that's " noble, you are the very man! tell me " quickly how you arrived at the critical " juncture to rescue us from destruc- " tion?"

The incognito modestly described the manner in which their escape had been effected, giving all the merit to the car-man who had stopped the horses.

" To whom belonged those cars?" asked Lord Llancharne.

" To a poor industrious fellow, one of " my tenants."

" *Poor* do you say, my Hero! then by " all my return to happiness, he shall " be enriched, though at *your* expense—" taking from his pocket the notes which had been left at the Castle; he continued, " You have compelled me to " keep this trifle always about me; for, " Perplex my intellects, if I knew how " to dispose of it without your advice, " conscious I had no just claim to it, or

"I promise you it should not have "escaped so long. I still hoped the "charm which rendered your high "mightiness invisible would be dis- "solved, and that we should meet;—by "the way, where the devil do you hide "yourself?"

Inexpressibly surprised at the incoherence of this address, the stranger had not time to frame a reply, for Lord Llancharne added, "*à-propos*—you have "the odds of me, my queer one—you "are up to my illustricity, tip me your "equality."

This eccentricity of manner was assumed or rejected at will: in select companies Lord Llancharne's conduct and observations were not *more* remarkable for *oddity*, than those of many other young men of fashion. He secretly deemed *cant* phrases ridiculous, and heard them generally decried, yet at home he maintained the reverse, and finding his sallies well received, they became nearly habitual—they excited

merriment, and he was a professed votarist of mirth. In his first interview with the stranger, he had displayed some of this affected eccentricity, and he now continued to play off the character with renewed *esprit,* his uneasiness for his fair cousin being allayed. By her desire, he had been informed she was perfectly recovered but slightly fatigued; would rest a few moments, and then rejoin him. Such whimsical and abrupt inquiries, from any individual but Llancharne, would, by the stranger, have been considered insulting, and resented accordingly; but possessed of quick discernment, he had formed a just appreciation of this young nobleman's character; rightly conjecturing that the goodness which illuminated every lineament of his lordship's countenance, was the true index to a heart intrinsically valuable, he readily penetrated the conceit, and losing the confusion caused by the first interrogation in laughter no longer to be restrained, to

the second he replied in the same sportive strain——

"Although my *enchantment* has not "yet expired, I shall always be happy "to meet your Lordship on the equality "of friendship——"

"There is Williams,"—interrupted Llancharne, "driving the curricle up "the avenue—" Quickly approaching the window, he called out, "We dis-"tanced you at last, my old buck—How "are the ponies? had a smart heat of "it, but ran well, blow me! eh—you "may shake your head—but had I "taken the antiques, and given them "such a breathing, we should all have "been difflogisticated."

In the warmth of his heart, this worthy domestic poured forth his gratulations on the safety of his Lord, and hoped that the sweet Lady had escaped unhurt; the pleasing intelligence joyfully communicated, Llancharne turned to inquire, how soon the stranger thought Lady Eleanor would be ready,

and able to be off, but only caught a glimpse of his figure retiring from the room: while he prepared to follow, a handsome unoccupied landaulette, drawn by bright chesnuts, was driven to the door. Curious to know the name of a gentleman possessed of such a splendid establishment in the vicinity of the castle, and yet a stranger there, he hurried to the hall, where several black footmen loitered. In return to his interrogations, he received from them the invariable answer,—" Massa, mi lor—" " Massa, mi lor—" accompanied by bows and grins, which discovering the dazzling whiteness of their teeth contrasted with their dark complexions, rendered them (from whom he had a fancied aversion) still more objectionable. To ascertain if their replies proceeded from misconception, affected or real, and not comprehending whether they meant that their master was 'mi Lor,' or that he was himself 'my lord,' and their master *nobody*, as Frederic had asserted, he

next appealed to the coachman, desiring to know his master's name. The man not immediately answering, he conceived his question unheard, and raising his voice, repeated it just as the coachman, who was really deaf, accidentally looked at his Lordship, and took off his hat with a respectful bow, but perplexed air.

"Williams," cried his Lordship—"is "coachy dumb, think ye? queer me, "but 'tis a droll one!"

"If he be dumb, my Lord," answered Williams, "'twere a better recommen-"dation in a servant now-a-days than "to be deaf, I humbly think."

"True—Gad I have a mind to strike "up a bargain with my mysterious "friend here, and to exchange Sparring "Tom and Black Jezabel (on account of "her white off-fetlock, which is a mon-"strous eye-sore) for his dummy and "chesnuts, and he shall have something "to boot."

A footman grinning significantly, his

Lordship, unmindful of Chesterfield's hovering shade, thus continued: "I say,
"Mr. Thingum—where is your master
"—What-d'ye-call-him?"

"Go and ask e," muttered the fellow saucily.

"Goanaski!" repeated the Viscount, purposely misunderstanding the reply—
"that sounds familiar to me—I think it
"was at Bath, Williams, I met an old
"Polish grandee of that name, with a
"beautiful young Polonoise, his wife,
"who was always attended by an old
"gentleman-usher, an old gentlewoman
"governante, and a dwarf of either sex
"to hold up her train in great pomp—
"Dash the wig o'me!"——

The gentleman returning at the moment, re-conducted his Lordship to the apartment in which they had left Lady Eleanor. Visible traces of indisposition appeared in her countenance, of necessity diminishing her usual good looks, yet heightening the interest she had excited. The house-keeper, to whose care

she had been consigned, had informed her of the particulars of her danger and escape. She much wished to see the owner of a mansion, to whom, under the influence of a superior power, she considered herself indebted for the preservation of her life. On the entrance of the gentlemen she arose, but the gratitude she was about to express for his kind and timely interference was checked by surprise, when, in the person of her deliverer, she beheld the mysterious stranger who had engrossed so much of her thoughts and conversation during her drive.

Her cousin flew towards her, clasped her in his arms, and for some moments the wildness of his manner was a sufficient preventive to his being distinctly heard, joyfully exclaiming, "Norah, love! "it gives me new life to see you thus "restored—" gently pushing her from him, and gaily catching her hands, he continued, "Annihilate me, Nohr, but "I thought you were off—when lo—by

" all that's fascinating, you are again as
" bewitching as ever! but all here is
" enchantment, and behold the magi-
" cian."

Hitherto perfectly silent, the stranger bowed—his countenance indicated that languor, approaching to melancholy, which conveys to the soul the touching expression of sentiment; he now advanced, and politely congratulated Lady Eleanor on her late escape. Two servants entered, bearing a table covered with confections, foreign sweetmeats, fruits, wines, &c. &c. served on china and massy gold plate. The unknown courteously entreated his guests to partake of some refreshments. Lady Eleanor had vainly essayed to speak; feeling the absolute necessity of saying something, she at length attempted to thank her host, but her expressions were nearly inaudible. Whether it was that the unknown observed her confusion, and attributing it to recent alarm, was distressed by it, or from some other cause,

to her inexplicable, he seemed to labour under a similar embarrassment, which quickly combating, he thus replied to her acknowledgments.

"I merely acted as others similarly "situated must have done; and disclaim "all merit in following an impulse which "naturally prompts every individual to "assist his fellow creature in distress: "but when I found it was *you*, Madam, "who was threatened with danger, I "was indeed rejoiced that the effort "was crowned with success."

Imperceptibly, restraint wore off, and an agreeable conversation commenced, supported with spirited ease on the part of the unknown, and with his accustomed oddity by Lord Llancharne, who unseasonably reminded his cousin, that she appeared to imagine the uneasiness created at the Castle by her long absence, had been appeased by intuition— the remark was too well merited, as time had fled unheeded. Starting up, she professed her readiness to attend

him, but insisted on walking home, regardless of the distance, rather than venture a second time in the curricle with his unruly horses. Remonstrances were vain; she remained firm to her determination.

"I am unwilling to interfere," said the unknown; "but were I permitted to "hazard an opinion, I should strongly "recommend my carriage, which is in "waiting, and a very careful driver; "you may depend on the gentleness of "my horses;" as a negative hovered on Lady Eleanor's lip, he added, "I shall "consider myself honoured by your "Ladyship's complying with my re-"quest; Mrs. Cullen is prepared to at-"tend, lest by any fatality the indispo-"sition from which you have so recently "suffered may return."

With feigned displeasure, and forgetful of Lady Clanroy's comments, Lord Llancharne vowed it was the first time his steadiness or ability as charioteer had been arraigned. Infinitely obliged

for the stranger's kind consideration, Lady Eleanor thankfully accepted his offered arm to conduct her to the carriage, feeling, while she leaned on him, an unaccountable trepidation, which she ineffectually endeavoured to conceal: the slight tremor perceptible in the supposed wife's frame, communicated itself like electricity through his system, but in her the unknown attributed it solely to the shock sustained from the accident. In the hall stood Mrs. Cullen, who courtesied and respectfully expressed much pleasure on seeing Lady Eleanor looking better.

"Perplex me!" cried Llancharne, with pretended astonishment, "but I "am glad to find, Mister Strangeways, "your Duenna, is not dumb."

Lady Eleanor looked inquiringly; the stranger smiled, and with a bow silently relinquished the hand he had held, whilst she ascended the carriage. Llancharne was already in his curricle, upbraiding the unknown with having de-

prived him of his companion, and insisting upon his supplying her place. Before they drove off, Lady Eleanör saw him vault into the saddle of a fine Arabian horse which had been led by one of his grooms, and in a moment the stranger was at the side of the carriage. The beauty of the animal first attracted her attention; its prancing and curvetting along the avenue displayed the skill and figure of its rider to every possible advantage. A looker on might have supposed he possessed the qualities of a basilisk, for Lady Eleanor's eyes inadvertently wandered from the horse to the horseman, on whom they unconsciously dwelt. He looked anxiously into the carriage, and although his glance was quickly averted, it spoke most eloquently to the heart of Lady Eleanor. Mrs. Cullen formed her own surmises, and unexpectedly, but with humility, observed—" He is as good as " handsome, my lady, and as innocent " as a lamb."

" Who, pray?" answered Lady Eleanor, not a little surprised by the comment.

" My Master, please your Ladyship, " of whom I imagined you were think- " ing."

Perceiving that her thoughts had indeed been penetrated, Lady Eleanor with a smile rejoined, " You are not " mistaken, Madam—I wish to know to " whom I am so highly indebted ?"

After a momentary thoughtfulness, Mrs. Cullen replied, " He is noble, ge- " nerous and humane; on the present " occasion he must conceive the obliga- " tion to be received, not conferred. " No one has a better right to speak of " his goodness—he rescued me from " poverty and distress—I am happy " and comfortable in the capacity of his " housekeeper; yet"—with a deep sigh she added, " I have moved in a different " sphere—unknown to him in my pros- " perity, he pities my misfortunes, with " which he accidentally became ac-

" quainted, and condescends to treat me
" with kindness and respect."

" I doubt not, Madam, you are justly
" entitled to it, but you have omitted
" one particular; tell me the gentle-
" man s name?"

Mrs. Cullen's answer was prevented by their arrival at the castle gates, when the subject of inquiry, riding up, hoped she had not experienced any inconvenience from her drive: being assured of her perfect recovery, and having rapidly expressed his happiness, he bowed profoundly as the carriage passed, and putting spurs to his horse, was out of sight in a moment. This sudden desertion was so unexpected, that Lady Eleanor, in an accent of surprise, inquired, ".Is it possible he is " gone?"

Mrs. Cullen made no reply: offended by a silence she deemed mysterious, Lady Eleanor became thoughtful. When the stranger recommended his carriage, in preference to the curricle, he would

have given worlds to have taken the place he proposed his housekeeper should occupy; and repressing that wish, he secretly reproved himself for it, and the petulance of manner, though only perceptible to himself, with which he had rejected the proffered seat, by Lord Llancharne. As some punishment for the fancied culpability of his tumultuous feelings, he condemned himself to ride in silence, when he would rapturously have listened to the sound of her voice; evincing by this self-control, that to act with propriety, the will is chiefly requisite. On the carriage arriving at the castle, he made his parting compliments; but when her ladyship's melting tones, in reply, met his ear, he endeavoured to conceal, beneath a low bow, the effect they produced on his soul. To remain in her society he found was but increasing the evil, and he dreaded that in some unguarded moment he might betray his secret; therefore, without reflecting how strange

his abrupt departure must appear, and deeming his only chance of security to be in flight, he hoped to verify the words of the royal poet of Israel, that to "seek peace," was to "ensue it."

At his return he found the notes which Lord Llancharne had left, and having a good farm and cottage untenanted, he determined to employ a part of his Lordship's bounty in stocking and rendering it comfortable for the reception of the turf-cutter and his family. Giving him the surplus to provide other necessaries, which he accompanied with a handsome donation of his own, he told him it was to the generosity of Lord Llancharne he was indebted for such unexpected good fortune, kindly reminding him that although raised from indigence to comparative independence, it rested in a great measure with himself to retain the comforts he now possessed. And strenuously recommending a continuance in the ways of rectitude and industry as the most

certain means of deserving the blessings conferred by an all-bounteous Providence.

In the joy occasioned by the return of Lady Eleanor, whose prolonged absence had excited considerable alarm, the servants and equipage drove off unnoticed. The voice of Lord Llancharne was now heard, vociferating—
"Why, Williams, the carriage and
"horses have also vanished; but I hope
"this *air king* has not carried off my
"cousin."

Entering the room in which the whole party had assembled, he found Lady Eleanor nearly overpowered by inquiries respecting her delay. "Perplex my
"intellects!" said he, "do you think,
"ladies, that Madam Norah has a
"hundred tongues to answer at once all
"these rounds of interrogation?"

"I desire to know, my lord," returned the Countess angrily, "what
"could have detained her? Frederic
"returned hours since, and I have been

" miserable about Eleanor; some dread-
" ful accident I apprehended must have
" occurred, and I knew not where to
" seek her."

" Here is a hurricane"! returned Lord Llancharne. " Norry, love, when you
" have convinced my good aunt that
" you are alive and unhurt, I will make
" her truly miserable by relating our
" 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' together with
" the wonderful adventures of Eleanora
" the Fair, and the valorous Knight of
" the *enchanting* Castle."

CHAPTER VIII.

'Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance
'upon another.'

WHEN Frederic returned alone, the Countess lamented, but too late, her extorted assent to the request of Lady Llancharne: her uneasiness gradually augmented to such a painful height, that had she known which road to pursue, she would have followed, in the hope of overtaking, and being assured of her daughter's safety. To her anxious inquiries respecting the route the curricle had taken, Frederic, with his usual *nonchalance*, asserted his ignorance, saying, when he left them, they had not decided on any particular course. Now that her suspense was at an end, and that she had ocular demonstration of Lady Eleanor's safety, she felt much curiosity to hear the pro-

mised narrative, concluding that some extraordinary event had occurred, and beseeched Lord Llancharne to proceed with his recital.

He humourously described the commencement of their excursion, gave observations on the country, which he said he intended to publish, for the benefit of travellers, with a chart of the bog—

" I propose," interrupted Frederic, " the addition of a *compass*, as, from " all accounts, the bog is without it."

" You mean that for a pun, do you?" returned Llancharne; " never heard a " worse—*without compass* — dost hear, " Norry? It has but too much, I take " it." Finding his auditors impatient, he continued—" You will hurry me to " the *denouement;* therefore, to convince " you, not only of my alacrity to gratify " you by coming at once, or *stenogra-* " *phically*, to the point, but that I stand " unrivalled, the very best *raconteur* in " the world, either of ' tragedy, comedy

" history, pastoral, pastoral-comical,
" historical-pastoral, tragical-historical,
" tragical-comical scenes,' without any
" affectation of circumlocution, which I
" utterly abhor, and never unnecessarily
" introduce into my discourse, I shall
" here, for the present, close my descrip-
" tion of the bog; and of those rural,
" leafless glades, the picturesque view
" of which was interrupted by the old
" park wall.

" At this memorable spot, our horses
" took head, not from any vice in them
" —it was effected by their having
" touched a certain part of the road
" which adjoined the estate of a sor-
" cerer, when, instantaneously, a loud
" discharge of artillery was heard
" around; this, Norah fancied, was the
" reverberation of a *handful* of gravel,
" dropt by a simpleton. The ponies,
" sagacious creatures! unwilling to
" hurry my dainty coz, would have
" stopped, but were impelled forward
" by the power of magic. Eleanor had

"previously taken the *troubled ghost* of
"a sportsman in the haunted demesne,
"for a *foot-pad*—I knew better—he va-
"nished, and we dashed on for Charyb-
"dis, where *she* expected we should
"meet our catastrophe, but was disap-
"pointed! for, at that critical moment,
"our career was checked by two black
"castles, which sprang out of the bog
"at our approach! and instantly my
"delicate coz jumped into the mud,
"instead of the arms of this same sor-
"cerer, who had assumed the disguise
"of the sporting apparition. *Par pa-
"renthese,* my dear Countess, he would
"make a charming figure at your
"masked ball; you must positively send
"him a card. He will *enchant* you as
"he did Madam Norah, who turned to
"alabaster the moment he touched her.'

"If he possess the inherent power
"of the torpedo," cried Frederic, "it
"will doubtless prove a tragi-comical
"sight to behold the merry maskers
"benumbed."

Without attending to this interruption, his Lordship continued—"I took
"good care to keep out of his magical
"circle; but he snapped up coz be-
"tween his finger and thumb with sur-
"prising alacrity — fled off with her
"'over bush, over briar'; whilst I, like
"the needle true, followed the attrac-
"tion. How we got into his palace, is
"more than I can say—suffice it, we
"entered —he became invisible, and
"I sunk on a *tabouret* in despair, on be-
"holding Norah upon a couch in a state
"of insensibility. After a tedious in-
"terval of several hours, that to me ap-
"peared an age, he re-entered, and a
"'Hebe with Jupiter's jug' deluged
"my sweet coz with aromatics, which
"dissolved the spell. When I was
"convinced that my petrifaction was
"reanimate, I could have hugged the
"Hebe with joy, but was afraid."

"The *maître de chateau* perceiving my
"ecstasy, whirled me out of the room.
"His next exploit was to transform

"himself, in a trice, into the owner of
"the dashing bang-up and piebalds; he
"then conjured up a neat thing driven
"by a dummy; legions of black fiends
"grinned horribly around—annihilate
"me! but I thought I should have ex-
"pired——— with curiosity. Fled in
"search of coz, joined her at a juncate:
"*she* took some invigorating draughts
"of Constantia in the pandemonium,
"after which he unceremoniously forced
"coz into the neat thing, and thrust
"his Duenna in with her. At the
"castle gates they all vanished except
"the sorcerer, and he whisked past me
"in seven-ninths of a second! I pursued
"to the cross-roads, where not even a
"trace of him remained; and I reason-
"ably conclude, that he must either
"have sunk into the earth, or flown
"through the air; and doubtless, were
"we to search diligently, we should
"find the machine restored to its pri-
"meval form—a rat-trap *à l'equipage de*
"*Cinderelle*. Now, ladies, having con-

"cisely told the plain unvarnished tale,
"I conjecture no doubts are entertained
"of my veracity."

The laughter, hitherto with difficulty restrained, and occasioned by Llancharne's overwhelming volubility, burst forth on his leaving the room, when Lady Eleanor gave a simple account of the affair, and received congratulations on the happy termination of an adventure, which might have ended fatally. Lady Clanroy, condemning her own too easy acquiescence, determined to resist firmly all future entreaties of a similar nature; and resolved never again to trust the reins to Lord Llancharne. Sir Edmond Harleigh proposed a voyage of discovery to the wonderful palace, which was agreed to, but unavoidably postponed from day to day, and at length entirely forgotten in the numberless engagements, and necessity of canvassing for the election, which was expected to be warmly contested. Lady Llancharne was much displeased at the

deception practised by the young nobleman respecting the horses; and, at a convenient season, severely rebuked him; but his peace was easily made with his indulgent parent.

Lord Glenarm had returned to the castle; his expectations of success had, at the commencement of the canvass, been sanguine, but within the last few days he had begun to entertain fears for the result, which the incredible popularity of the Orientalist had excited; and which he felt ashamed to confess. The goodness and munificence of his rival, his Lordship found to be an universal theme, except amongst the immediate friends of his father; his strongest hopes, therefore, rested on the misrepresentations of his own partisans, some of whom maintained, that the East Indian possessed an overbearing impetuosity of temper, which, in the gratification of his wishes, equally confounded friend and foe—levelling every obstacle that militated against the indul-

gence of his caprice; others averred, that indolence was his 'besetting sin;' and that were personal interference requisite to gain the point, he would sacrifice the prospect of obtaining an empire, to the indulgence of his inert luxurious ease. Unluckily for Lord Glenarm, his rival proved to be of a very different disposition from either of these overdrawn portraits. The liberal and unprejudiced allowed, that if habitual indolence, acquired in a warm climate, but foreign from his nature, sometimes obscured the brilliant virtues which characterised him, it was counterbalanced by the energy with which he exerted himself, when any event occurred to interest his feelings, ever alive to the calls of friendship or humanity. Such unwelcome truths, so inimical to the Clanroy ascendancy, had by some chance found their way to Lord Glenarm, and suggested apprehensions for his success, which he endeavoured to combat. Having once presented himself, he de-

termined to persevere to the last for the double purpose of gratifying his father and gaining celebrity.

Lord Clanroy shared in secret the uneasiness of his son: it had been suggested, as an adviseable expedient, to divide the interests, by setting up a nominal candidate, whose second voices might be thrown in to Lord Glenarm, and *vice versa,* in order to weaken the Orientalist's force. Sir Edmond Harleigh having considerable estates in the county, although a non-resident, was selected as the person best calculated for the purpose, being a staunch friend to the Earl: in addition to the Baronet's pretensions as a great landholder, he had formerly been returned without opposition. A smart canvass commenced, when a fourth candidate started: Mr. Taswell, one of the late members, whose delicate state of health, had given cause to suppose he might decline the contest, now stood boldly forward: the other quondam member, Mr. Dalway, having

found the fatigue and expense attendant on his parliamentary duties, greater than he had anticipated, or, with justice to his children, he could afford, had a short time previous to the unexpected dissolution accepted the Chiltern hundreds.

It was a thing understood by the Earl and Sir Edmond, that they were not publicly to appear in habits of friendship, but on the contrary as a *ruse* affect opposition: to give the better colour to which the Baronet removed from the castle. However, as the Orientalist and Mr. Taswell openly avowed themselves the friends of civil, religious, and constitutional freedom, and of each other, the mask was thrown aside, and the Viscount and Baronet conjointly canvassed and circulated the following address:—

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the County of A——.

Gentlemen;

After the very cordial reception you have given us, and the flattering encouragements we have met with on our canvass, such as have exceeded our most sanguine expectations; we should deem ourselves deficient both in duty and gratitude were we to delay expressing our feelings on the present occasion. Permit us therefore to return you our warmest and most sincere thanks for the very friendly declarations you have made in our favour. Steadiness and perseverance on your part, are alone now necessary to ensure our success; and we are confident they will not be wanting in MEN, animated as you are, with a spirit of independence, a love of liberty, and an attachment to the

public good; these we are convinced are the motives which make you wish for faithful and disinterested representatives; these also are the motives which render us ambitious of the honour of representing you. Bound thus to each other by the same principles let our conduct show we have the good of the nation at heart. Perform with unshaken firmness your part; and we pledge ourselves to discharge with fidelity the trust you shall repose in us, and that you shall not be deceived.

We are, Gentlemen,

With the utmost respect,

Your most devoted and

Very humble Servants,

GLENARM.

EDMOND HARLEIGH.

Glenarm Castle, Orange Field.

Various electioneering squibs were daily published under different signatures, those of 'Gracchus' and 'Russell,'

were in favour of the popular candidates, whilst a 'Free Elector' and 'Varro' for the other two, endeavoured to stifle the remembrance of the national desertion of these hitherto absentees, which still rankled in the minds of the people. By specious artifices, they forced a momentary persuasion that Lords Clanroy and Glenarm, with Sir Edmond Harleigh, had returned to their native country, intending to spend their ample fortunes on their own estates, in gracious acknowledgment to their supporters: many were the conjectures formed as to the result. Urged by his friends to publish an address, the Orientalist permitted the following to be circulated:

To the Free and Independent Electors of the County of A——.

Gentlemen;

THE invitation with which I have been favoured from a large body of your

most respectable Electors, to offer myself a candidate, together with Mr. Taswell, for the honour of representing you in Parliament on the approaching General Election, is a temptation too flattering to my ambition not to be complied with. I shall not trouble you with the professions usual on such occasions (in which any man, however removed from every real cause of attachment to you, may deal); but give me leave to assure you, that from every tie of regard as an inmate of your neighbourhood, I must be bound to your interest; so I shall, as your Representative in Parliament, or as your Friend (a character I can never resign) with unwearied assiduity endeavour to promote the welfare and interest of your county. I have the honour to subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and

Faithful Servant,

Kilmoyn. STUART JESSWUNT.

This address was immediately succeeded by one to the *Independent Forty Shilling* Freeholders of the County, beginning

My Brethren;

At a season such as the present, when the Parliament has been dissolved and a new Election is close approaching, and, of consequence, every artifice is used by the different electioneering agents, to delude us plain, unwary, and unlearned folk, I feel myself called on, by a sense of duty to you and myself, to lay before you a few reflections which have struck my mind with some weight.

It behoveth us, my friends, to examine with coolness and attention, the merits, ability, and character of the several candidates who at present are courting us for our votes. Being a plain, simple, unlettered man myself, I shall look to facts only, and not lose my time or abuse yours, by culling out hard

words, which I, may-hap, might understand as poorly as my readers.

The first question to be asked is, which of our present candidates hath done us the most good? though I know him not but by his deeds, I must honestly answer, the Viscount Glenarm is the man. As a weaver, I every day experience the benefits of his and his father's attentions to, and patronage of, the works of my loom. I have likewise been assured, that both father and son are equally careful to encourage every other manufacture that can promise to be useful to the country, particularly the linen trade, which is, without dispute, the most important of all.

I do not wish to speak about any thing but what every plain man, such as myself, may thoroughly understand. But there is one merit which all the country must acknowledge to belong to both the old and young lord, that of being humane, generous, and considerate

landlords. He that runs through the county may read this in the improved condition of the farms, the comfortable dwellings, and contented appearance of the tenantry of the Clanroy family. A farm on their estates is so desirable, that if one is to be sold, it brings such a price as often to equal half the purchase of the property for ever.

With respect to ability, who is there in any proportion can rival Lord Glenarm? Gentlemen may talk as they will, but I cannot but believe that a good private man is the best stuff to make a good public man. He who is a good son, a good brother, a generous landlord, a steady friend, and an honest man, may often be mistaken, but he can never become a corrupt parliament man.

Some gentlemen blow into my ears a deal about liberty and property (and most precious truths are they unto me); yet if I dare I would fain ask them, if

setting their land to me at the highest rack-rent, and afterwards canting all I have to discharge an arrear I could not possibly pay, and thereby driving me and my little ones to subsist on the cold alms of charity, or ruining my family to pay the penalty of the death of a hare (prosecuted with more bitterness than the murder of a Christian), throwing me into prison for carrying a gun, which is the badge and privilege of every freeman—I would wish to ask such gentlemen, if these, and such like acts, are consistent with that tender regard they profess for any liberty or property, except for that which immediately belongs to themselves—Lords Clanroy and Glenarm never could be accused of such doings. I speak not evil of any man, my brethren—I accuse not any one—I speak but the truth of a man, who (I am convinced) deserves well of his country—I stand by the truth: by it judge him.

No man can be more interested in

your welfare than he who now subscribes himself your friend.

A Free Elector.

Ballanaghiera.

This production was, by many of the opposite party, attributed to the pen of Mr. Bromley, agent to Lord Clanroy; it was obviously designed to reflect on Mr. Taswell's conduct, who reprobated the system of suffering rents to run in arrear; and who had endeavoured to prevent poaching, by threatening to prosecute such persons as should be found on his grounds without licences, and with guns in their possession. It elicited a variety of answers, wherein he was styled author of the 'hammered performance'—'a scribbler of nausea half sheets,' and attacked about his management of a new road; which, for the advantage of certain bordering estates, had been carried, by his manœuvres, it was said, through rocky and uneven ground, creating much unnecessary ex-

pense, and requiring additional labour, in the cutting down of some places, and filling up of others; which might have been avoided, by making a slight variance in the direction, and an easy line of road have been formed at one half the expense; but it was remarked, that Mr. Bromley had employed his own and Lord Clanroy's tenantry in the *job*; who, by working at advanced prices, soon discharged their rents; whilst he had left the *poor*, too frequently miscalled *independent* forty shilling freeholders on the townland, unemployed. That money collected by private subscription from different gentlemen, for the purpose of completing the road in the best manner possible, had thus been lavished on a few individuals for selfish considerations. The press teemed daily with advertisements, by which the minds of the people were kept in a continual state of ferment. But it would be endless to attempt a detail, or attend the different candidates and their agents through all

the various scenes they had to encounter, some of which, however, gave much insight into national character. The following invitation, signed by a number of respectable persons, had been transmitted (previous to his offering himself)—

To Skeffington Taswell, Esq.
Birch Hill.

GENERAL ELECTION.

Sir;

We, the Electors of the county of A——, wish to show you a proof of our regard, by sending you into Parliament as our representative, in conjunction with Mr. Jesswunt; and for that purpose did we, through a Committee of Delegates, entreat of you to declare yourself a candidate. We are all pledged to each other, and now pledge ourselves to you, to use every exertion in our

power to crown you with success, of which we have no doubt.

We are, Sir,

Your most faithful Friends,

And humble Servants,

Signed, &c. &c.

In reply, Mr. Taswell caused the following to be published:

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders, of the County of A——.

Gentlemen;

Having received a very warm and honourable invitation from the Committee of Delegates appointed by the free and unbiassed Electors of our county, to offer myself once more as a candidate for the high honour of representing you in Parliament in conjunction with Mr. Jesswunt, I take this opportunity of declaring my determined purpose to stand the poll; relying for success on that manly and constitutional spirit with

which you are animated, and which I trust will show itself superior to the insidious arts or indecent menaces of any aristocratic combination, which may attempt to trample on your rights. It doth not become me to appeal to my past conduct in Parliament, or the general tenor of my life as a friend to liberty and my country, yet, without a hope that these may stand the severest scrutiny, I should not presume, in this way, to assure you that I am, Gentlemen, with the greatest respect, and a becoming zeal for your interests, and those of *Ireland* in general,

Your faithful and
Devoted humble Servant,

SKEFFINGTON TASWELL.

Birch Hill.

CHAPTER IX.

'Ride, si sapis———'
'Laugh, if you're wise.'

THE gallant Sir Edmond Harleigh, amidst his other pursuits, was the humble slave of Mrs. Chudleigh; but, although she gave unwarrantable encouragement to the baronet's gallantries, she had a deeper game in view, and clandestinely spread wiles for Lord Glenarm, which, for the present, were frustrated by Major Chudleigh having received orders to join and take the command, in the absence of Lieutenant Colonel Glorney, of a large detachment of his regiment, then stationed at Thurles, in the county Tipperary. To the unspeakable mortification of the lady, she was compelled to leave Glenarm Castle in company with the Major,

but no persuasion could prevail on her to proceed to country quarters; she insisted on remaining in Dublin; a furnished house in Kildare Street was consequently engaged for three months: her pressing invitation to Miss Vatchel to accompany her, was politely but decidedly declined by Lady Clanroy.

In his canvass, Sir Edmond Harleigh, although indifferent as to his own chance of success, had, for the advantage of Lord Glenarm, recourse to every expedient to increase the number of his votes: from the artificial courtesy and affability of his deportment, he found his best auxiliaries in the fair sex, to whom he adroitly made his attentions acceptable. A wealthy tobacconist at Ballanaghiera had many votes, and, with his other possessions, a young and handsome wife. To her the Baronet applied; and what at first was mere matter of business, began, by degrees, to assume a different aspect. To lounge in Moran's shop, and *chat* with Mrs.

Moran of the morning's news, and other harmless topics, was now become an essential recreation to the Baronet. Encouraged by such flattering condescensions, the beauty in time invited Sir Edmond to sit with her in the parlour, from whence, through a glass door, she could observe the entrance of customers. One day, whilst some interesting subject occupied its fair mistress, a young girl entered the shop to purchase tobacco; and rapping the counter with a penny, called for some '*pig tail;*' "suffer me, Mrs. Moran," cried the gallant Baronet, "to save you this trou-"ble;" and going behind the counter, he cut off a small piece of tobacco, which he presented to the girl, who archly observed, "Ah, now, Sir Ed-"mond, that won't do—you have given "me bad measure—I'll tell Mr. Moran "on you, so I will."

Unprepared for this recognition, the Baronet dropped the tobacco, and rushed from the shop in confusion—whilst the

fair dame, somewhat disconcerted, though proud of having such an illustrious assistant, returned to her station, and, with a double portion, satisfied the young woman, who told the story throughout the town with every embellishment her fancy could suggest.

Initiated in the mysteries of electioneering by his father, Lord Glenarm applied to a stout farmer for his vote; and with all the fascination of manners, determinately irresistible, pressed earnestly for his support: the countryman desired to shake hands with his Lordship, with which request the Viscount cheerfully complied. " Now, my Lord, " will you honour me by doing it " again ?" asked the man—" Most wil- " lingly," answered Lord Glenarm—" I " thank your Lordship, 'twill be seven " years afore I can expect the like " trait," observed the countryman, "and " so I made sure of it now—you shall " have my vote and good will."

Amongst the various addresses fated

to be no sooner read than forgotten, was the following:

To the really Free and Independent Electors of the County of A——.

Every period of time is marked with circumstances for the consideration of the People. The present era has been as friendly to the liberties of mankind as any other in the annals of history. You, my friends, have always stood forward in support of your Constitutional Rights, and have, on all occasions, evinced to your country, that you have, in those efforts, been actuated by the purest principles. Virtuous as your pursuits have been, yet we have latterly seen attempts to thwart them; and often have I lamented, in my lonely cottage, that you have not been defended against those unconstitutional innovations as strenuously as your cause demands. Rouse, then, my brethren, and step forward in your own cause, to sup-

port the man who has not deserted you, and who has been your firmest friend on every occasion—convince the haughty junction of aristocratic power, that the freeholders of the county of A—— are independent, that they know their own consequence, and will not bend to the lordly will of any conclave, whether determined on in a grand jury-room, or elsewhere.—Adieu—on the day of trial remember the advice of a faithful monitor: waving, for the present, my own name, which is unknown and obscure, I shall adopt that of a virtuous nobleman, whose blood was spilled in your cause, and who, with manly resolution, resisted all innovations on the constitution of his country; and who, if now alive, would stand forward to protect the rights and privileges of the really free and independent Electors.

RUSSELL.

Mr. Taswell and Sir Edmond Harleigh met one day by accident at the house of

a farmer, where both gentlemen had repaired to secure a vote, not to be obtained solely by condescension. To avoid the appearance of actual bribery, Sir Edmond chose the more covert mode of purchasing, at any price, whatever animal should meet his view upon the farm, in conjunction with the support of its owner.

"That is an uncommonly fine pig," observed the Baronet; "it is the only "one of the sort I have ever seen in "Ireland—pray is it a *guinea* pig?" he added significantly.

"No, in troth, Sir," angrily replied the farmer, to intimate the Baronet had not come up to his price.

"It is of an excellent breed," said Mr. Taswell; "if you, my honest friend, "are willing to part with it, I will give "you five guineas."

The farmer scratched his head, and swore the pig was cheap at double the money.

"Say you so," cried Sir Edmond;

" then you shall have the ten, my good
" friend."

" Your honour's good," answered the farmer; " but the pig is a noble pig—what says Mr. Taswell?"

" That you would be a fool to take
" ten guineas for a pig worth twenty—
" for my own part I will give you fif-
" teen for it—on the nail."—

" The pig *must* be mine," interrupted the Baronet; taking out his purse, he continued—" Here are twenty guineas
" for you."

The man looked at Mr. Taswell, who
" rejoined,—" Take the money my *honest*
" friend!" adding, whilst the farmer pocketed the bribe, " and *now*—you
" will give *me* your vote for my *puffing*."

" Aye, and that I surely will, Squire
" Taswell," returned the farmer, " for
" sure enough it was your honour's self
" that got me the *value* of my pig. I
" only wisht I had twenty votes for
" your own sweet sake, and you should

" have every mother sowl of them! and
" a keidth meellia."—

The defeated Baronet, annoyed by the disappointment of the vote, and the loss of the money, was constrained to smother his vexation under a forced laugh.

" And I wish you had twenty such
" pigs," returned Sir Edmond—" I should
" purchase—at the same price—every
" one of them. You think this gentle-
" man made a hard bargain for you;
" he made a *hard* one indeed, but it
" was *with* you. I would not now take
" double my own money for my pur-
" chase; in England, this pig would
" bring fifty guineas, as easily as five
" shillings—" and mounting his horse, he waited not for a reply.

Preparations for the masquerade were in tolerable forwardness at Glenarm castle; from the number of applications for tickets, some of which were politely refused, others reluctantly accorded, a

greater crowd was expected than Lady Clanroy could have wished. The Dublin mail did not arrive at Ballanaghiera until a late hour in the evening, consequently the letters were not assorted or ready for distribution until the following morning; but Mrs. Lucas was so obliging, she contrived to select all packets for the castle, and to forward them direct.—

One evening Lord Glenarm retired to the library to read a letter most unexpectedly received from Mrs. Chudleigh, when Frederic followed him; they were soon joined by Lord Llancharne.

"Your entrance is a happy relief, "Harry," observed Lord Glenarm; "Frederic has absolutely stunned me "with puns."—

"That is unkind, Sydney," replied Frederic; "I merely hazarded the re-"mark, that your opponent's name—"Taswell—would be *as well* without "the T—"

"A deplorable attempt," returned

Llancharne; "I detest puns; pray, Fre-
" deric, do not affect them. I know of
" but one personage who is sometimes
" happy in his efforts; but ever on the
" alert, one must occasionally succeed.
" Have you had many letters from
" Dublin? Here is one from Willmotte,
" desiring me to procure him a ticket
" for the 6th, which from him is no
" small compliment."

" Send him one by all means," returned Lord Glenarm. " Willmotte is
" one of the happy few whose company
" is *recherché*."

" Have you any ambition to hear his
" account of a *superb* party, given by
" the gay Chudleigh since she left us?"

" I should like it of all things."

Then take it in his own words—

To the Viscount Llancharne.

Dublin Royal Barracks, January.

YOUR absence is confoundedly unlucky just now, dear Llancharne, when

fine fellows are in such demand in Dublin.. What in the name of stupidity detains you when all the world are here? Pray let me see you in this city with convenient speed, *c'est-à-dire* after the masquerade. It is such *mauvais ton* to vegetate in the country at this season, that I have been driven to my wits end to find excuses for your lordship, whilst in no other way can I possibly account to myself for your remaining there, unless spell-bound by some fair Circe; eh, my lord, am I on the right scent? perhaps you may say the 'jaundiced eye' sees all things 'yellow'—admitted—*I am* captivated, and by a dasher!

A ridiculous old puppy in want of a nurse, hath taken unto himself a rib, young and *flirtable*: she lately provoked me to a rout—I went, as nothing better offered. The stairs were crammed with *mobility* like the crush room at the Opera house, and the servants could not have approached with refreshments had they been provided. On the first landing

place, I met the Dowager Mrs. Ansley, descending; she advised me to recede if I would escape suffocation, asserting it was a mere ghost or oxycrate rout, where high play constituted the sole *agrément* of the evening. I reminded her of my cloth, vowed a soldier should neither retreat from the field of Mars or Venus; but your lordship's patience would be exhausted by a minute detail of our midnight revels—take it in short hand.—Our hostess daringly invited *four* hundred to a 'small party,' where her rooms could scarcely accommodate half that number. The carriages in waiting reached, by all accounts, from Clontarf to Blackrock.

A dandy accosted me, and averred that *cellars* had furnished our company, or perhaps, said he, one story more exalted, as the dances, hitherto, have all been *à la cuisine*, except one wretched exhibition, entitled by the *perpetrators* a *Kwadril*; the first movement of which, he vowed appeared to him like

the confusion created by a sudden alarm of fire, when some individuals attempt to save themselves by flight, whilst others are transfixed by terror. The arch glances of the gentlemen underneath their wrists, and the squareness of elbow in the murdered Cobourg, were subjects of much mirth to our dandy, who had seen *quadrilles* danced on the continent. *La Flora* was performed by her professed votarists, four of whose heads bore liberal offerings to her shrine, illustrating as they moved ' grove nods at grove,' each *rose-bush* has its brother—and ev'ry *head-dress* but reflects another. *La paysanne* and *La pastorale* were, to do them justice, executed in that rustic style becoming their appellations.

For pure sport, I proposed a Waltz—" Here's at it, and welcome," roared a city beau, advancing to the daughter o the quarter Master, who, report says, is a convenient acquaintance in the pecuniary line to the Major ; *à-propos* similar

obligations we are told, afforded him the happiness of entertaining the greater part of his company. The young lady accepted the challenge with complacency, her partner vociferating

" Fiddlers plee up the Jarmint Waltz; then fire away at Manfrony (Manfredonia) for a show toes;—in my mind, miss, it's French tunes fits French dances best."

" Bar I that sauce," replied the military young lady, " I'm not ayqual thereabout *yet*, but hopes soon to be; as pa has engaged sergeant Quig to learn us." On her partner's explanation that a show toes was only a Waltz danced hearty! they commenced, and having awkwardly courtsied and shuffled through their French German Waltz, a wrestling match by way of *sauteuse* ensued, reminding me of one of the sports of the ancient Gymnasium!

The dandy and I retired in despair, as I found my knowing one too deeply engaged at short whist to vouchsafe me

even a smile; and he had another engagement: to keep your lordship no longer in suspense, as to the name of my Dulcinea, she is the identical Mrs. Chudleigh, lately on a visit with you. The Major, poor man! declares his first wife was his mentor, but that our dasher is his *tor*mentor! I could say a deal more, but shall reserve it for a future *bon bouche*, as I have an appointment at the Treasury, which must be attended to this moment, by

Your's *à l'ordinaire*

GUSTAVUS WILLMOTTE.

P. S. Pray get me a card from Lady Clanroy for the 6th; some of ours go, and insist I shall make one of the party.

CHAPTER X.

'What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
'Tis but their Sylph the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.'

AT length arrived the much-wished-for 6th of January, or twelfth-day: at an early hour in the afternoon, the bells which by desire of the Earl had been erected at Ballanaghiera rang right merrily. The numerous tenantry on the Clanroy estates had been invited to a feast upon the lawn, a large space of which had been railed in and covered, for their accommodation, opposite to the ground allotted to fire-works. Ever foremost in promoting festivity, Lord Llancharne had, unknown to the Earl, caused temporary booths, in imitation of a fair, to be

erected adjoining the area laid out for the reception of the tenants ; and to render the resemblance to country booths more striking, had with his accustomed whimsicality, ordered all the patchwork quilts and winnowing sheets of the neighbourhood to be put into requisition for the day.

A favoured few were invited to dine, who determined to heighten the evening's amusement, by keeping their dresses secret from each other. Dominos, at the instigation of Lord Llancharne, and express desire of the Countess were precluded. The lights in the pleasure grounds being tastefully arranged, formed a brilliant *coup-d'œil* from the castle. The tenantry assembled at an early hour; every thing being provided they could expect or desire, the lawn soon became a scene of joyous hilarity. The booths lighted up, and ornamented with grotesque signs, contrasted with the magnificence of the interior decorations, had such an ad-

mirable effect, that Lord Llancharne received a vote of thanks for his ingenious contrivance.

Glenarm castle was built on a plan rather modern—superb reception rooms on either side of the hall, which was spacious, and with marble pillars, supported a light gallery that led to the upper apartments, and terminated in a dome. The columns and balustrades of the grand stair-case were wreathed with variegated evergreens and artificial flowers, interspersed with coloured lamps and transparencies; the door-cases similarly ornamented, resembled triumphal arcades, over which appeared appropriate emblems. Supper was laid in apartments at the rere opening *en suite.* The first story, although seldom used, was thrown open on this occasion, when the costly decorations appeared to peculiar advantage, being of an ancient order. In the centre room, newly furnished in the rustic style, was formed an arbour of exotics and green-

house plants, whose aromatic fragrance breathed sweet and refreshing odours. A slight trellis and pilastres supported the arbour's roof, and were entwined with myrtle, and other flowering shrubs. The floors fancifully ornamented with coloured chalks, resembled rich velvet carpets, and the ceilings in imitation of clouds, were so constructed as to conceal the source whence gas lights illumined the apartments with radiance equal to noon-tide splendor. In the arbour of the rustic saloon, the Countess intended to receive her guests.

The Earl wore at dinner a superb court-dress, with the collar, badge, and jewel of the most illustrious order of Saint Patrick. Miss Vatchel, *à l'Orientale*, was a *blaze* of diamonds: in compliance with her wish, the Countess had ordered the dress, and insisted on her wearing a profusion of brilliants saying—

" The character was your own fancy
" Nourhan; it is rather late to discover

" that ornaments appropriate to the
" rank of a Sultana, may render you
" conspicuous—make no such frivolous
" objections, child— as there really is
" not now time for alteration."

" Oh," remarked Mrs. Lucinda Sidney, " Miss Vatchel will think nothing
" of such ornaments, when more ac-
" customed to wear them."

This speech conveyed an idea of personal reflection, neither deserved nor intended as Mrs. Lucinda afterwards explained—" At one of our Roscommon
" balls, the pretty Mrs. ———d com-
" plaining to Lady Mount ———d that
" she was sinking under the weight of
" her jewels, her Ladyship in sober
" earnest replied, as I have now done
" *en badinage*."

Frederic who felt for Nourhan the affection of a brother, thought Mrs. Lucinda's observation contained a portion of that envenomed satire he attributed to all faded spinsters, especially when addressing youth and beauty; to

punish her by alluding to her favorite study, and placing it and her in a ridiculous point of view, he said ironically, "Take care, Nourhan, or Mrs. Sidney "will calcine you with a glance of her "eye—unless you are formed of as-"bestos"—

"By the eye-brow of Saint Winifred, "Fred," cried Lord Llancharne, "that "is a necessary caution, for Mrs. Lu-"cinda has already reduced my poor "heart to a cinder, by the fire of her "all-conquering optics."

"A cinder," replied Frederic, "that "is trivial to her other chymical ex-"ploits * * * * but "these you must seek for in the ar-"chives of her philosophical re-"searches."

"Avaunt caitiff,"—responded Mrs. Lucy; "it would require more talent "than you ascribe to me, or to the "ablest philosophers to *refine* you, or "convert the insolent school-boy into "the polished gentleman."

"To your toilettes, *mes enfans,*" cried the Countess, wishing to interrupt a conversation she disapproved, "our "guests may soon arrive, and I must "hasten to receive them."

As numbers flocked from all directions, some twenty, thirty, and even forty miles distant, the castle was crowded at an early hour, with groupes of insipid hay-makers, Savoyards, flower-girls, sweeps, noisy watchmen, Virgins of the Sun, drunken sailors, harmless banditti who would faint at sight of a blunderbuss—gipseys, quakers, witches, friars, nuns, newsmen and innumerable hoards of Sicilian, Tyrolese, Spanish, Flemish, Swiss, and even Chinese peasants, characters worse than Dominos, presenting but an exterior, without either spirit or ability to support their design, the consequent noise and bustle soon commenced, aided by a party of North American Indians, who yelled an imp-like war-whoop.

In the mingled groupes of motley

figures, it was difficult to discover the inmates of the castle, except the Countess and Lady Eleanor, who had accurately copied the dresses of Lady Marguerite and Ellen as beautifully described by Walter Scott. Unfortunately for Lady Eleanor, who looked transcendantly lovely, she felt disspirited whenever she thought of 'the Greame' Sir Edmond Harleigh, being a person she almost despised; in her pure mind his interest in the country could in no shape induce her to balance it in the scale against his profligate conduct.

The introductory compliments to the Countess and suite being paid, either in dumb shew or feigned voice, created little interest, and she had leisure to examine the different figures as they passed and re-passed, admiring the decorations of the castle. From the timidity natural to youth, Lady Eleanor and Nourhan were inseparable, seeking in each other a refuge from the forward assurance of the masks, some of whom,

unmindful of the respect they should entertain for their noble hosts, were becoming importunate and troublesome, when a majestic figure of Hercules, clothed in a buff dress, partly covered by a Lion's skin, approached, and brandishing his mace, threatened them all with destruction if they did not instantly decamp. Politely addressing Lady Eleanor and Nourhan, he entreated the honour of becoming their champion to guard them from disagreeable intruders, and placed himself at their side; his mien was noble, and he wore a mask admirably suited to the character.

A Hudibras came up, and with a profound obeisance, cried,

> ' Madam, I do as is my duty,
> ' Honour the shadow of your shoe tye.'

The son of Jupiter would not suffer him to proceed, but raising his mace, threatened annihilation if he advanced. Hudibras was not to be so easily daunted, and approaching still nearer, drew his ' trenchant blade Toledo trusty' by way

of forcing a passage; but the upraised club fell upon the rapier, and dashed it from his grasp, the discomfited knight grumbling

> ' Ay, me! what perils do environ
> ' The man that meddles with cold iron!

hastily picked up the fallen weapon, and was lost in the crowd. Mrs. Malaprop was now heard loudly vociferating—

" Where is that little intricate hussy, " Lydia?—Why Lydia Languish, I am all " of a flusterification, child; but for my " knowledge of ichnography, we should " have been benighted in these conta- " gious mountains, and perhaps robbed " and murdered."—She would have familiarly saluted Lady Eleanor, but Hercules interposed. Looking on him with ineffable disdain, for she was unmasked, and but slightly disguised, she added. " You are not the first ass who took a " freak in the head to go into the woods " masquerading in a lion's skin; but " think not to repulse me, Sir, though

"you wear the disguise of Hector, and
' have 'an eye like March to threaten
"at command,' with the effrontery of
" 'Job himself.'—Were you the dragon
"that guards the Herculaneum fruit,
"you should not deter me."—She would
have taken Lady Eleanor's hand, but
Hercules again interfered—when Mrs.
Malaprop more angrily exclaimed, "I
"lay my positive conjunction on you
"Lydia, to illiterate this fellow from
"your presence; his grammatical phy-
"siognomy is as ferocious in my sight,
"as an allegory from the banks of the
"Nile!"

The appearance of the Lady, who was about six feet high, and the absurdity of the speech, caused a general laugh; in which, as Mrs. Malaprop unfeignedly joined, they easily detected Lord Llancharne. A Marmion and Esquires, beautifully attired, approached: the gentle Fitz-Eustace sung his plaintive 'where shall the lover rest?' and was instantly recognized as Lord

Glenarm. Colonel Oulney was the hero of Floddenfield, and Frederic in the character of Blount. Marmion left them in pursuit of Lady Heron, but it proved a fruitless search. Fitz-Eustace remained to witness a comic dispute between Jobson and Nell; and Nourhan was terrified, forgetting at the moment the parties were masquerading.

Falstaff and Hal next appeared, two admirable figures, Sir John saying, " Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?" —showed the hacks in his sword, and swore he had been attacked by eleven men in buckram, in his way to the castle. Lady Eleanor smiled at his grotesque figure; when, looking impudently at her, he exclaimed: " Hal, is " not mine host of the tavern a most " sweet wench?"

Mrs. Malaprop affecting displeasure at his amorous glances, cried, " What " a Herod of Jury!—fie, fie Sir, to speak " so heretically."

The Knight would have vindicated

himself; but she continued, "Do not
"attempt, Sir, to extirpate yourself
"from this matter; I have proof con-
"trovertible that you are an absolute
"philanthropy."

He was also reprimanded by Fitz-Eustace, to whom he replied in the
words of his prototype: "'Were it not
"here apparent that thou art heir ap-
"parent,' I'd trounce thee well; but as
"it is, 'God save thy grace—lordship,
"I should say—for grace thou wilt
"have none.'"

This reply conveyed a more unpleasant prognostic than was intended
by the knight of the post: it was almost a prophetic warning, that the ducal
coronet should not add lustre to Glenarm's brow, or the title of Dunluce to
the honours of the Clanroy family. Hercules, fearing such familiarity was becoming offensive, again interposed, but
the undismayed Sir John intrepidly answered,

"How now—how now, mad wag—

"what in thy quips and thy quiddities;
"what a plague have I to do with a
"buff jerkin?"

Then resuming his natural voice, Lady Eleanor recognized the Marquis of Chetwood, and was glad to be relieved from his adulation, by a lady of the year one, a capital figure, who now advanced. Falstaff called her his sweet Anne Page; but she repulsed his freedom with the dignity of the old school, and Lady Llancharne was known as Lady Old Times.

The heat becoming intense, Lady Eleanor and Nourhan wished to reach the gallery; but not observing any of their party, except the Countess, the others having dispersed in the crowd, prudently refrained from venturing with strangers. A charming figure of Diana, with a tyger skin and quiver about her shoulders and neck, the bow in her hand, caught their attention. Sir Edmond Harleigh (as Malcolm Greame)

seemed more attached to the goddess than to Lady Ellen. Hercules beheld this indifference with surprise; except at intervals when other masques obtruded, he had leaned pensively on his mace and maintained a dignified reserve; now addressing Lady Eleanor, he expressed wonder at the insensibility of the Greame, insinuating she was worthy of a nobler conquest, and lamenting the unfortunate Fitz-James had not been earlier known to her. The spirited reply she meditated in defence of her pretended lover, was repressed from diffidence and contempt for the object of her feigned passion.

"I fear Fitz-James has perished "with his steed," she hastily answered; "taught by the Seer to expect his ar-"rival, I have hitherto vainly looked for "him." Seeing Blount approach, she begged his protection for herself and Nourhan, to enable them to visit the outer rooms, and breathe a freer atmos-

phere. They were impeded in their progress by innumerable groups of extravaganzas, whilst Frederic protested the incalescence of the *grotto* was intolerable: Hercules followed at a distance unobserved by them.

CHAPTER XI.

——' Per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
' Reperit——'
' Through various shapes he often finds access.'

A NOISY recruiting party attacked a group of strolling players, and reproaching the buskined heroes with their indolent mode of life, insisted on their inlisting: Lady Eleanor pressing forward to escape from this uproar, found herself roughly seized by a Roderick Dhu, who would carry her back to the lonely isle. Blount laughed at her distress, and would not interfere; she now wished for the protecting arm of Hercules, but he was not at hand, and she condemned herself for leaving him so abruptly. A bugle sounding at the instant, her persecutor went in quest of the owner.

A capitally well-dressed party in

the costume of old English nobility, consisted of Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Stewart, the Misses Waller, and Mr. Wilder, junior; who, through the influence of Dean Butler, had obtained a ticket. Mr. Wilder, profuse of his encomiums, and pleased with every body and every thing, said, "I wish this cursed election were "over, or that it had never been thought "of; it has kept me from this paradise "ever since the Clanroys came to the "country. 'Tis true I left my card "here—more from idle ceremony than "regard, for I took good care not to be "*at home* when the visit was returned. "I now wish I had not been quite so "young. Pray, Mrs. Butler, who was "Lady Clanroy?"

"The only child of one of the most "opulent bankers in London," she replied.

"Was he a man of any family?"

"*Nöe avoit trois fils; je ne sais duquel il* "*est descendu*;—seriously, I believe not; "however, he did emerge from obscu-

" rity, and by fortuitous circumstances,
" became immensely rich, and married
" the sister of an indigent Scottish
" peer. Lady Lucretia Maitland's po-
" verty silenced the still small voice of
" pride which arrogantly whispered—
" beware of sullying an illustrious line
" of ancestry by commingling with the
" plebeian blood of a banker."

" Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale?"

" No; quite a different family. The
" woman who deliberates is lost; so
" thought the Duke of Dunluce; when
" his sister weighing the banker's riches
" in the scale against her blood, and
" finding the former preponderate, half
" willingly, half reluctantly, accepted
" the golden calf; and surrendered for
" the inelegant appellation of Ham-
" mersby, that name, which for two-
" and-forty years, she had gloried in,
" as *synonime* with every thing great and
" sublime."

" Lady Clanroy is a very young look-
" ing woman."

" She is; her beauty captivated Lord
" Clanroy; and his family not less
" charmed with the prospect of an al-
" liance with the rich heiress (well con-
" nected on the maternal side) gave
" every encouragement, and she was
" married in her fifteenth year."

" They seem to live happily, which
" is not always the case in those Smith-
" field bargains?"

" Very much so; but I am deceived
" if Lady Clanroy, in addition to her
" beauty, did not bring pride equal to
" her wealth. Her calm dignity of
" manner and pleasing affability con-
" ceal a frozen soul; and she sometimes
" assumes an air of protection which to
" me is humiliating; but I may mistake
" her character."

" Is her uncle, the Duke, still alive?"

" Yes: he resides in some part of the
" East Indies, but whether married or
" single I cannot tell you, nor could
" Lady Clanroy. She knows nothing of
" her relative but from report, as he

"never pardoned Lady Lucretia's mar-
"riage with the banker: however I am
"told Lord Glenarm has a good chance
"of the title; but the ducal estates are
"trivial, compared with those of the
"Earl, and Mr. Hammersby, who has
"made considerable purchases."

"You are the pleasantest woman in
"the world to have a *cause* with; you
"know something of every person's his-
"tory. Come, have a peep at this
"well-dressed group of witches; they
"sing enchantingly; but had they in-
"tended to escape detection, they
"should not have displayed an accom-
"plishment which at once betrays
"them."

A Brobdignag baby, with a Lilliputian nurse, joined a party of boarding-school misses, composed of gentlemen at least six feet high, dancing round their master (Major Willmotte), and attended by a blind fiddler, but the infant out-topped them all. *Monsieur Pirouette* was urgent to increase the number of his pupils;

looked the happy Frenchman, and possessed that *dégagé* air, that characteristic hilarity, which seems to derive its source from sunny skies and genial climes. He informed them he was the principal *sauteur* from the Parisian Opera, and gracefully distributed the following cards:

Monsieur Pirouette a l'honneur d'informer la Noblesse et les Habitans de *Ballanaghiera*, et de ses Environs, qu'il vient d'arriver de Paris, et qu'il enseignera le Quadrille nouveau, la Waltz Allemande, la Valse Française, la Contredanse Française, Espagnole et Anglaise, le Minuet et la Corneuse, à ceux qui l'honoreront de leur confiances.

Ballanaghiera, Janvier 6.

Tired of continued buz and wretched attempts to support character, and to display a plenteous lack of wit, Lady Eleanor and Nourhan were hastening towards the gallery to escape the din,

when accosted by a magician, who, waving his wand, muttered mystic expressions, to which they paid little attention. Trying to detain them, he foretold that Malcolm, unlike his prototype, would desert the Lady Ellen, but that a nobler suitor awaited her. The bugle, which had lured Roderic Dhu from her side, resounding at the moment, the magician emphatically cried, "Hark! "'tis the horn of Douglas—"

"Then," said Lady Ellen playfully, "I should answer my father's call."

"Where is your boat?" asked Blount drily, whilst he applied his bugle to his lip, and gave a responsive note. Her reply was prevented by astonishment and admiration when, on looking towards the stair-case, she beheld ascending the manly graceful form of Fitz-James, habited in the hunting suit of Lincoln green. As her spirits rose with the animating scene, Lady Eleanor was beginning to regret that a different dress had not been selected for her; for, with the ex-

ception of the dissipated Harleigh and the tormenting Roderic, she had not yet seen any correspondent character. Her heart now palpitated with pleasure as Snowdon's Knight advanced; his appearance verified the refined idea of the bard, for he seemed as if a 'baron's crest he wore.'

On seeing him, the magician waved his wand, uttered cabalistic phrases, looked up to the dome, pretending to consult the stars, and pronounced with solemnity—

"Luckless Fitz-James, my art fore-
"shows, that if you tempt your fate by
"venturing here, your peace will be
"wrecked on the shoals of depair—
"your heart become the victim of a
"passion which can never be requited
"by the betrothed of another——"
And instantly eluding their sight, disappeared in the crowd. Lady Eleanor felt he alluded to her figured situation with Sir Edmond as Malcolm, and found comparisons arise in her mind

derogatory to the merits of 'the Greame,' and flattering to Fitz-James, who seemed to hesitate whether he should, or should not, approach. Apparently acting from sudden impulse, he majestically advanced and addressed Lady Eleanor: she replied with characteristic *naïveté*, and for some time the conversation was supported with spirit. In imitation of her arch-type, he presented her a ring, which she sportively accepted, but intended to return at supper, anticipating the time when, by unmasking, his features should be revealed. His language was refined, and as the subject animated or interested, he spoke with energy or pathos—his voice, not unknown, perplexed her; and turning to question Nourhan or her brother, she perceived, with dismay, they had left her. Fitz-James observed her embarrassment, and readily divining its cause, proposed leading her to the *presence*. She had no alternative, and to avoid being separated from him by

the crowd, accepted his proffered arm. Surprised at the security she felt in the society of a stranger, Lady Eleanor endeavoured to account for it by supposing him some intimate acquaintance, and hazarded various surmises, all of which he carefully evaded.

A large party now besieged them ; to proceed was impracticable : Cupids, bearing a portable altar, carried banners with this inscription in 'characters of flame,' *à l'Amour et à l'Hymen.* The Gretna Green Vulcan stood beside Hymen, who complained of being idle, and insisted on illumining his torch for them, saying—"Courage, Fitz-James "—avail yourself of the opportunity "afforded by the absence of the truant "Malcolm, and prevail on the Lady "Ellen to suffer your fetters to be "rivetted—does the lovely Ellen con- "sent?"

"If Ellen is perfidious," growled Vulcan, "let her tremble at Heaven's vengeance."

But Hymen persevered: disgusted with his effrontery, she exclaimed, "Reserve your chains for those who "seek them;" extending, as she spoke, her left hand, on which appeared a plain ring. The ring was that presented by Fitz-James in the gallery, and it had occurred to her, that by turning the brilliant to the interior of the hand, she might avoid the disagreeable importunity.

"I have done," cried Hymen, addressing the blacksmith parson; "your "badge of slavery already appears on "that fair finger, not its brightest orna-"ment."

With a profound sigh Fitz-James hurried forward—their conversation was at an end—he was an altered being. Lady Eleanor could not account for the sudden change; she addressed him, but the spirit which had animated his replies had fled; his mind appeared abstracted, his answers were desultory, and he endeavoured to press through the crowd

with a quickened pace—his progress was still impeded. They encountered Orpheus, striking his lyre for Eurydice, who too soon became a secondary object, as his attention was tranferred to a lady in company with a group of Spaniards: a Cavaliero and his Donna in beautiful Andalusian dresses, prevailed on their young friend (who threatened to become a formidable rival to Eurydice) to attempt a guaracha to the melody of Orpheus. Her dress was strikingly singular and becoming; it consisted of a long white lace scarf fastened to the centre of the hair by an emerald coronet; the ends of the scarf were confined at the wrists with correspondent bracelets; on the forehead was placed a harp of the same; her zone equally brilliant; and her dress, of rich white tabinet, clasped at the bosom with a modest shamrock; her mask small, with a deep quilling of lace.

Orpheus appeared, enraptured, selected his most approved strains; the

incognita accompanied him occasionally with castanets. The beauty of motion was seldom more deeply felt—her form was a model for a statuary : the strains of the lyre, sweetly melancholy, and wandering, accorded well with the dance, which was chiefly attitude; the effect of her graceful figure, whilst wreathing the scarf around her head and arms, was indescribably beautiful ; and in some movements, giving herself up to the delight of gesture, she seemed to sport with the variety of her expressive attitudes. When she ceased, murmurs of regret mingled with the extravagant plaudits that followed. Orpheus casting an impassioned glance around, rested on the figure of Eurydice, who instantly quitted the room. The voice of the magician was then heard, declaring she had returned to the shades in despair.

Fitz-James appeared the only insensible—far from joining in the merited encomiums lavished on the fascinating incognita, he silently led the way to the

rustic saloon. On her approach to the arbour, Lady Eleanor found the Countess regarding her with a look of anxious inquiry. Her command, that '*to oblige her*' she would endeavour to '*appear*' the character, now forcibly recurred, and sanctioned by a mother's smile, her confidence revived, although in some measure chilled by the altered manner of Fitz-James. With all the gaiety she could assume, Lady Eleanor repeated from the poem—

> " On Heaven and on thy lady call,
> " And enter the enchanted hall."

With restored animation, he replied in the same strain—

> " My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
> " My gentle guide, in following thee."

The Countess gave him welcome, performing the rites of hospitality with true grace; but the merciless magician again attacked him. Harassed by a persecution which seemed intended to

particularise him, Fitz-James, taking the magician aside, insisted on an explanation, which was evaded; but he was irritated and resolute, would not be trifled with, and again haughtily demanded one.

"Fair means may do much for you," said the magician, "with me—violence "never shall. I would not intention- "ally insult any individual sheltered by "this roof; as a proof of which, if you "desire it, I will instantly unmask— "but this favour must be craved with "civility, not commanded."

"It is such a favour as I consider "myself entitled to demand—but, if "you will have it so, let me request it "as a particular compliment."

"On one condition."

"Name it," impatiently replied Fitz-James.

"That you gratify my curiosity in "return."

"That is the only condition, I lament "to say, with which I cannot imme-

"diately comply: and my unavoidable
"refusal, proceeds from my habit
"having been arranged with my mask,
"which could not be resumed without
"my undressing: pray recollect that
"*tout le monde* will dismask at supper,
"when———"

"*A' la bonne heure*—promise not to
"betray me, and I will gratify you;
"although I shall burn for a sight of
"your phiz—blow me."

Throwing aside his robes, the dress of Mrs. Malaprop was displayed; and "raising the mask, revealed the features "of Lord Llancharne—who humorously said—

"Pardon my blushes, I am Delia——"

Fitz-James murmured some indistinct apology, rapidly thanked his Lordship for his condescension, confessed he was not the person he had supposed, declared he believed his Lordship incapable of acting, in any way, with the

intent to give unprovoked offence, and renewing his apologies———

"Think no more of it, Sir Lucius "O'Trigger!" interrupted his Lordship good-humouredly—"now you have de-"cidedly the advantage of me—but re-"collect, my brave one! we meet again "—at Phillippi!"

Thus separating, they mingled with the throng.

CHAPTER XII.

Gente di piccolo cervello sempre sta fitta nell oggetto presente.

Narrow minds are always engrossed by the present scene.

THE company having assembled at an early hour, now felt a little exhausted; and, in pursuit of fresh amusement, varied the scene by visiting the fair: but finding little there to engage their attention, presently left it; when the tenantry, much pleased with their entertainment, retired.

Nourhan and Frederic, borne away by the crowd, had undesignedly left Lady Eleanor in the gallery with Fitz-James. A handsome looking young man, habited in a shooting dress, and negligently carrying a light fowling piece, accosted them; he was unmasked,

but large whiskers, mustaches, a profusion of bad rouge, and blackened eyebrows, had almost the same effect to disguise his countenance; fine teeth, and brilliant eyes were, nevertheless, still discernible. He contrived to separate Frederic from Nourhan, and leading her to join the dancers, paid her conspicuous attention. Lord Llancharne with surprise observed her engaged in conversation with a stranger, and apparently gratified by his unequivocal admiration. Without analyzing his reasons for uneasiness, he continued to regard them closely and with suspicion: his patience on the decline, he approached, and in his natural voice, forgetful at the moment of the tones he had assumed, half whispered—

"Miss Vatchel, may I beg to know "the name of your partner?"

"Really, my Lord," she replied, "I "know it not; but he is excessively "conversible and pleasant."

"By whom was he introduced to "you?"

" He spoke to me without introduc-
" tion, and very politely asked me to
" dance—however, I rather think he is
" an acquaintance of Frederic."

" And was Miss Vatchel prevailed on,
" by a nameless unknown, to grant such
" a signal courtesy ?"

" Truly, my Lord, I did not suppose
" there could be any impropriety in
" dancing with a guest of Lady Clan-
" roy——" colouring deeply whilst she
spoke.

" *Quelle erreur est la votre!* I should
" apologize, Madam, for taking the
" liberty to—a—for presuming a com-
" ment upon *your* conduct; but in a
" crowd of this description, characters
" *may* have gained admission, and per-
" sons obtained tickets, whom perhaps
" my aunt would not consider worthy
" the envied happiness that stranger
" enjoys."

The manner of his Lordship was un-
usually grave, and towards the conclu-
sion of the last speech, his voice all but

faultered. Nourhan feared she had acted imprudently, wished she could retract, but from inexperience, knew not rightly how to act; accidentally encountering a penetrative glance from her partner, she was unwilling he should discover the uneasiness she experienced at the idea of having giddily merited Lady Clanroy's displeasure: endeavouring to combat feelings, difficult to conceal, she hastily replied—

" *Envy*, as applied by your Lordship, " is an epithet too flattering—I am an " humble individual, who neither hope " or wish to excite it."

" Possessed of such superior attrac- " tions, Miss Vatchel cannot choose, or " fail to create it."

" Bear in mind, my lord, what Lady " Llancharne said this morning—*une* " *juste louange a de quoi nous flatter;* " *mais un esprit bien fait doit prendre bien* " *moins de plaisir à l'entendre que de peine* " *à la meriter.*"

" Nourhan, you know my sincerity,

"and that I always say at random what-
"soever I think—yet, in *this* instance,
"I dare not venture to express half
"what I would—half what I feel. But
"be persuaded, that without any effort,
"you deserve infinitely our esteem—
"admiration—love!—By Heaven, there
"is not that man in the rooms who does
"not *envy* your happy partner—"

"What *is* envy, my Lord? an impa-
"tience of superiority in the little—of
"equality in the great—in the present
"instance there can be no such com-
"petition—"

"Pardon me, Nourhan—Oh, confound
"the fellow! here he comes to claim
"your hand, and remind you, that
"while you indulged me with those few
"prized moments, the company impa-
"tiently awaited you—" abruptly re-
treating, his Lordship left her utterly at
a loss to determine whether he had
been serious, or sporting with her cre-
dulity. Whilst dancing, Miss Vatchel
had observed that her partner was

surveyed with a look of deep scrutiny by Hudibras, who now addressed her in a low hurried tone (unmindful of his ludicrous character).

"Excuse, Madam, the apparent li-
"berty of an almost stranger—and be
"not alarmed when I tell you that you
"are dancing with the Captain of Ban-
"ditti, for whose apprehension *you know*
"a reward of five hundred pounds is
"offered. I cannot be mistaken in his
"person, notwithstanding his disguise,
"having commanded his guard in prison
"from whence he escaped. I have
"long been in pursuit of him—Pray,
"Madam, do not suffer him to lead you
"from this—my name is Fortescue——"
He then precipitately quitted the room.

The idea that her partner, whose pleasing manners she had admired, was the character described by Fortescue (and, which Lord Llancharne's previous observation tended to corroborate), in danger of arrest—perhaps of execution—shocked, and nearly overpowered

her; unable to conceal her emotion, she pleaded sudden indisposition, and was by her attentive partner conducted to a seat, where tenderly inquiring the cause of her evident discomposure, she timidly replied—

"You may laugh at my weakness—
"but I am very credulous—I acknow-
"ledge it to be absurd—perhaps repre-
"hensible—and whilst I wish to doubt
"—I almost believe—I mean that I
"have just heard something which has
"agitated me—and yet it may only
"have been said, *en mascarade*—will
"you determine for me—?

"Were I competent to decide, I
"should be most happy; but I must
"first know the point—"

"Oh, certainly—You may have ob-
"served the avenues to the castle, are
"this evening, to prevent confusion,
"strictly guarded by some of the gar-
"rison; one of the officers, Mr. For-
"tescue, whom in the character of
"Hudibras you may have noticed a

" few moments since speaking with
" me, confidently asserted, that a cer-
" tain notable character (in search of
" whom the military have long been on
" the alert) is here to-night—I fancy
" my informant is gone to give the
" alarm to intercept a retreat—"

Her partner made no reply, but the blood in his cheeks literally out-glowed the rouge, and rallying to the heart, left a deadly paleness; the visible agitation thus betrayed, convinced her the young officer had not been mistaken in his recognition: without further hesitation, she grasped his arm eagerly, exclaiming—" Fly, for pity sake—save your-
" self—rely on my discretion—I shall
" not breathe a syllable—"

A little reassured, he sorrowfully answered—" So young—yet so consi-
" derate—how shall I act?—I am be-
" trayed—do with me as you will—"

" Let me take your arm, she re-
" turned," and almost breathless led the way to a door, communicating by a

private stair-case with the music saloon
—She hesitated a moment, then opening it, they passed through—as he closed
the door, her courage failed; fearful to
proceed, she lingered and trembled
violently; but a quick loud footstep
behind, lent her fresh vigour. Catching the handrail, she hastily descended,
saying—"This leads to a part of
"the castle exclusively devoted to
"Lady Eleanor—it is deserted this
"evening for more splendid apartments
"—follow me, I will conduct you to a
"window, from whence I hope you may
"unperceived, escape into the plantations, and across the country, without
"venturing through the avenues."

"The generous interest you have so
"humanely evinced in my misfortunes,"
he returned, "propels me to act as you
"desire—I wanted this excitement, for
"of late, life has become burthensome—
"Ere I leave this *for ever*—impressed
"with feelings of which no words can
"convey an adequate idea, be assured

" the ill-fated Murray will bless you—
" pray for you! will cherish the recol-
" lection of this hour as one of the very
" few which for years have cheered his
" blighted prospects — farewell—fare-
" well—angelic being— "

As she flung open a glass door, and silently motioned him to pursue the path to the right, he fervently pressed her extended hand, and rushed forward. Nourhan stood a few minutes to gaze after him, but his figure was quickly screened by trees; and turning to retrace her steps, the moon-beam which had shed sufficient light to enable her to conduct Murray in safety, now disclosed a tall dark figure. She started, and half fainting with affright, felt the weight of Lady Clanroy's brilliants more burthensome than ever. She recollected there was for her no possibility of retreat—she knew the rooms had been set apart for that night—and whilst she hoped her partner had escaped unnoticed, panted with terror at her

own perilous situation, and inarticulately exclaimed—

" In mercy speak—say who you are " —what you want?"

The figure advanced, sunk at her feet, saying, " Light of the morning—dearest " Nourhan!—Miss Vatchel — be not " alarmed—pardon my presumption. I " have been an anxious observer of your " countenance, and guessing from it " that something unusual had affected " you, I followed unperceived, to offer " my humble assistance should it have " been required. Where is that hand- " some mysterious stranger, of whom I " felt unaccountably afraid?"

" Pray rise, Lord Llancharne," she returned, somewhat reassured; " let me " rejoin the Countess—my absence may " have caused inquiry—at some future " period, I may perhaps give you the " particulars of one of the strangest " adventures imaginable."

He would have detained her with

'gentle violence,' but feeling that every moment aggravated an apparent impropriety, she pressed forward, and Lord Llancharne half angry, half pleased, followed, urging that he had something of consequence which materially concerned herself to communicate. She would not be detained, however anxiously she wished to arrive at the promised information: perhaps a suspicion of its purport contributed to cover her with confusion, and lend speed to her steps contrary to inclination; for with all the simplicity of inexperience, and 'guileless changefulness of love,' she was flying from a declaration it would have been her highest ambition to have heard.

On regaining the ball room, they found supper had been announced; it was a happy relief to all parties, and by some eagerly wished for as a means of discovering their companions of the evening. One long table, reaching

through the suite of rooms was laid out in a style of magnificence and splendor dazzling to the beholders, and surpassing all former entertainments given in that county. From the ceiling hung several brilliant lustres, whose effulgence was better adapted to give effect to the ornamented tables, than the resplendent, though concealed lights of the other apartments. On their way to the supper rooms, Julia Sidney (deserted by the Baronet the moment she unmasked and discovered to him that his Diana was not the lady he had imagined) solicited leave to join lady Eleanor and Nourhan, whom Lord Llancharne had reconducted to the arbour. The indefatigable Viscount now stood confessed in the robes of Prospero, and every where sought Fitz-James. Admiral Broomfield declaring, that his and Mrs. Lucinda Sidney's mutual attachment was too well known to admit of a doubt, caused some witticisms when they entered as Jobson and Nell. Lord Glen-

arm now appeared as Orpheus: at Colonel Oulney's entreaty, he had consented to become one of his esquires; when detected as Fitz-Eustace, he relinquished that character, and returned to the rooms with the Spaniards, his Eurydice (Maria Sidney) with fashionable conjugal indifference, was now at some other supper table. The interesting incognita and her friends the Spaniards had departed; Major Willmotte charitably insinuating she was too ugly to show her *face*, and unwilling to forfeit the reputation of blooms and blushes, which her superior grace had obtained by displaying wrinkles and old age.

Dissatisfied with herself for having retained Fitz-James's signet, who could not be found, Lady Eleanor thought he had perhaps attended the lovely incognita, and much wished she had refused it: Hercules had also disappeared. Llancharne alluding to the emerald coronet, worn by the incognita, affirmed

that the Empress of all the Russias had eloped with the two cleverest fellows possible. Supper over, the dancing recommenced and continued to a late hour, when the guests prepared to retire much gratified by the hospitality and attention of the noble entertainers.

CHAPTER XIII.

> ' A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
> Intitle him *Mirrour* of Knighthood.'

CARRIAGES having been prohibited entering the inner gates, from thence to the great hall a temporary awning now brilliantly lighted had been erected, through which the company were of necessity to pass on foot. Mr. and Mrs. Poulton had assumed the august characters of King and Queen, having accurately copied the costume of their Majesties, as represented on a twelfth-night cake: the *demoiselles* Poulton, as maids of honour, held up their mamma's superabundant train; her majesty was on one side, supported by her illustrious *caro sposa*, and at the other most condescendingly leaned on a coal porter, which *talented* and *difficult-to-be-sup-*

ported character, was personated by Mr. Davy.

On quitting the castle, the guests humorously proposed to give precedence to royalty and suite, who accordingly advanced most regally to the gates, where an unlooked-for obstruction appeared in the person of Mr. Fortescue, who with a file of grenadiers guarded the now firmly-closed barriers. He supposed it possible the bandit might have observed his scrutinizing glance, and guessed its origin; for on returning to the ball room to effect his caption, Murray had not only disappeared, but he could gain no intelligence of him from any of the company: guarded in his inquiries lest the motives of his search should be surmised, and other competitors start for the prize, he yet flattered himself that the sportsman as a *ruse de guerre*, had used the precaution to exchange dresses with some other mask, in hopes of passing unsuspected. The ensign therefore now prudently resolved to

remain at the portal, and to interrogate strictly, and examine by light of flambeau, the countenance of each approaching individual: the king and queen came first in contact with the military party.

"I must beg to detain you a few "moments, madam," said Fortescue in a flurried manner; "I am in search of a "notorious offender, whom I know to "be here this evening, a robber."——

"And is it us you take for the "thief, Mr. Ensign Fortyshoe, Sir?" angrily vociferated Mrs. Poulton. "What's your maining at all—is it "your pus—or your watch you miss— "or what is it that you dar to tax me "and my family with?"

Vain were all the Ensigns attempts to apologize or explain; Mrs. Poulton, like the generality of ignorant persons was inaccessible to reason. The young officer now perfectly aware that the challenged party were the Poulton family, requested them to move on, plead-

ing various excuses for the detention, and being really anxious to proceed with business. But the indignant queen was not to be so dismissed, and vowing that "as a stop-thief had been put upon "her, she would clear herself afore the "quality," turned out her pockets, a ceremony she insisted on being also performed by his majesty and the coal-porter; the ladies in waiting were fortunately exempt from this punctilio, inasmuch as they deemed such clumsy appendages unbecoming the costume of a modern *belle*. Frederic, who had from a distance distinctly heard the colloquy, now advanced to inquire its cause.

"Gates of burning adamant bar'd "over us, prohibit all egress,—hem—Milton—" returned a stupid Caleb Quotum, who had also joined Mrs. Poulton's party. Frederic applied to a soldier, and was made acquainted with the particulars: although disbelieving the accuracy of Fortescue's re-

cognition, he determined for a frolic to harangue the company on the present unavoidable preventive to their sortie; and mounting a pyramidical stand of flowers which had been placed at the end of the covered way, he said,

"I trust the *amor patriæ*, which has "induced our *distinguished* friend, Mr. "Fortescue, to seek to meet the enemy "—aye, within our very gates—may "be duly appreciated by those to whom "the *character* of his *heroism* is not un-"known. The elevated personages "here assembled will assuredly com-"ply with his most reasonable and ne-"cessary investigation; and when they "recollect that majesty itself hath "graciously to it submitted, they will "aspire to emulate an example so "amiable, so condescending."—

There were who believed Frederic serious, and quietly permitted the inspection; but the Butlers, who understood the jest, and despised Fortescue, resolved to annoy and delay him as

much as possible *en caractère*. Several groups had answered to the common questions of "who are you?"—"turn about face"—when a party remasked advanced.

The first a witch, brandishing a broom, and apparently endeavouring to escape uninterrogated, was seized by Fortescue and a soldier: the former fully convinced this person must be his prey by the suspicious haste to depart, insisted on his mask being removed.

"'Take heed, have open eye, for
"thieves do foot by night'—Shake-
"speare,—a-hum!" whispered Caleb.
But the Ensign needed not this advice; he still held the witch; and more peremptorily desired to see the features. To his utter disappointment they proved to be those of Henry Butler, who theatrically addressed him and his assistant

"When shall we three meet again?
"When shall we three meet again?

" Oft shall wearied guests retire
" Oft shall grenadiers fire,
" Robber oft be sought *in vain*
" Ere we three shall meet again!"

A loud shout of laughter followed this impromptu; the discomfited man of war bit his ' nether lip, and let go the witch,' whilst a national-haymaker, with the true Hibernian accent, cried

" Shame, shame, can't you let the " *faymales* pass you unmislested— " why—"

The persevering Fortescue challenged the next mask (an Ariel) with—" Your " name, and place of abode?"—The spirit playfully answered

" Where the bee suck's there *lurk* I
" In a cowslip's bell I lie—".

" Musha, Honey!" rejoined the hay-maker, " then you ha'd better give us a " hint in what posey you mane to lodge " in the summer, afeard if you ben't a " mighty early riser, an unlucky stroke

"of my scythe would cut you and your
"bed-chamber in two some morning in
"your sleep, and you not dreaming of
"it. Any how, jewel! have a morsel of
"advice from a friend, and take a room
"in a praytee blossom for the futor—
"it is the roots of them we're after."

Much nettled at such *badinage*, Fortescue petulantly desired the two last-mentioned characters to unmask; they did so, and were recognized as Francis and Charles Butler: of their party remained a gipsey fortune-teller, who seizing the Ensign's hand, and surveying it with mock earnestness, cried in a dolorous tone

> "Skilled am I in palmis tree,
> "No *five hundred pounds* I see,
> "Luckless Fortescue, to thee!"

This allusion to the incentive of his uncommon exertions, so irritated the Ensign, that he rudely held the flambeau to the now unmasked features of the sybil Maria Butler. "I perceive,"

said he, "I am an object of ridicule,—
"but the respect denied to *me* should
"be paid to the cloth of his majesty."

"Arrah, then honey—are them iron
"stockings made of his cloth too?"
roared the haymaker, pointing to the
greaves of Hudibras, the Ensign not
having had time to put on more than his
military jacket and cap. His figure thus
drawn into notice, created such unre-
pressed laughter, that enraged beyond
control, he made a precipitate retreat,
ordering his men to throw open the
gates, and permit the remaining persons
to pass unquestioned; the hay-maker
shouted after him

—"Sir Hudibras, it is too late
"When the steed is gone, to shut the gate."

CHAPTER XIV.

> ' My Lord (who, if a man may say't)
> Loves mischief better than his meat,
> Was now disposed to crack a jest,
> And . . . . go in quest
> . . . . who might this person be.'

WHEN the inmates of the castle assembled next day to a late dinner, they found the pleasures of the preceding night revived by humourous descriptions of the droll incidents which had occurred to each individually; affording a variety of explanatory anecdote. Mr. Fortescue's achievements being first discussed, the Earl, with some *hauteur*, observed, " The last night's annoyance " is not much encouragement for me to " again entertain the military; but their " assistance may be required at the ap- " proaching election, and as I this " morning received an apologetic note

" from the young gentleman, I think I
" must overlook the entire affair in con-
" sideration of his youth and mistaken
" duty. It is however somewhat strange
" that he still persists in affirming the
" presence of the robber last night—
" *à-propos* Nourhan, what *did* become
" of your *sospetáto?* most decidedly
" your partner staid not to supper, and
" Mr. Fortescue pretends he apprized
" you of his *profession.*"

" He left the room, my lord, nearly
" at the same moment with Mr. For-
" tescue," faultered Nourhan, casting towards Llancharne a look of mingled supplication and inquiry. Returning the glance, he placed a finger on his lip to indicate that he now understood, and would be silent.

" The research was too long de-
" ferred," cried Frederic. " Gentlemen
" of the shade, who condescend to take
" purses, go by the moon and seven
" stars."

" And yet," returned the Earl, " to

"this very delay the young red-coat
"may ascribe my forgiveness of his silly
"conduct: had this 'minion of the
"moon' rashly ventured to make one
"of my guests, and been apprehended
"in my house by Mr. Fortescue to the
"alarm or annoyance of any of my
"company, or indeed at all, much as I
"might internally commend his zeal, I
"could never have pardoned the in-
"dignity. But I think it highly pro-
"bable he was misled by some resem-
"blance, and a hope of obtaining the
"promised reward."

"Not a doubt of it," cried Llan-
charne, looking expressively at Nour-
han,—"Mistaken or not, Murray is safe
"*for the present, poor devil; his being*
"an outlaw is punishment enough in all
"conscience. Had Mr. Fortescue made
"me the confidant of his suspicions, I
"should have thought it my duty as
"your lordship's nephew, and in fur-
"therance of the rights of hospitality,"
again regarding Nourhan, "to have lent

" 'Diana's forester' a helping hand to
" effect his escape."

Then with accustomed good nature he turned the conversation, by observing suddenly, "Nohr, my girl, your new
" footman, Mister Hercules, is a strap-
" ping fellow—Sydney, perplex my mo-
" desty, but his livery is a good one—
" by the way, what became of him? he
" vanished before supper, and my dainty
" coz must either have crammed him
" into her *ridicule*, or despatched him to
" attend the Empress to the Russian
" territory."

"It was surmised," returned Lady Eleanor, " he went to *Herculaneum* to
" procure a *desert* for Mrs. Malaprop;
" but, Harry, by what spell was Fitz-
" James banished? From the moment
" the insidious magician took him into
" custody, he was non-apparent."

Here Lady Clanroy appealed to the Earl, inquiring who was Fitz-James; regretted he had not been introduced to her, and staid to sup; saying she thought

him altogether one of the best figures that had appeared.

"I did not recognize in him an ac-"quaintance," said the Earl, "yet for-"bore to make inquiry, expecting to "have seen him at supper, and con-"cluding he was one of Llancharne's "friends."

"Not a friend of mine, I assure your "lordship," returned the Viscount; "quite the reverse. This doughty "Knight had nearly proved my deadly "foe, and almost braved me to 'mortal "combat and carriere with lance!'" He then recounted the conversation that had passed between them in the anti-chamber.

"This is wondrous strange," said Lord Clanroy; "I must learn how this "person gained admission." Pulling the bell, he desired to see Mr. Clarges, his lordship's gentleman, who had received the tickets at the door. This consequential personage firmly denied

having admitted *any body* without a ticket.

"Annihilate me, Nohr!" said Lord Llancharne, "but that it is impossible, "I should think he was our sporting "apparition (looking significantly), our "spirit of the bog! He could have "flown in or out, you know, through a "key-hole, for positively he vanquished "like an approbation."

His being the stranger had also occurred to Lady Eleanor, partly accounting for the familiarity of his voice, and she much doubted Mr. Clarges veracity. She thought, with regret, how negligent they must all have appeared, and how ungrateful in the stranger's sight, in not remembering and acknowledging the attentions she had received from him. She secretly believed the attractive Fitz-James to have been admitted, albeit he had not received a ticket; which now accounted for his early departure: as he was almost the only gentleman in

the neighbourhood unnoticed and uninvited, and she silently reproached herself for omitting to remind her brother to wait upon him.

"Whom do you dignify with the "strange appellation of the sporting "apparition, Harry?" inquired the "Earl.

"Perplex me," answered the Viscount, "if I can tell your lordship far-"ther, than that he is a most gentle "spirit, who humanely rescued some of "us from perdition! I downrightly "blush, to think of my neglect towards "him; but the ladies are more in fault, "by having engrossed my every faculty, "and prevented my thoughts wandering "from them. I could shoot Sir Ed-"mond Harleigh for not reminding me "of our intended *voyage* to this stranger's "charming residence; which should he "turn out to be, as I shrewdly suspect, "'Snowdon's Knight,' I shall in future "designate 'Stirling Castle.'"

"'Twill be doubly applicable, since

"the owner is possessed of *sterling* "worth," observed Frederic.

Reflecting that the stranger's conduct had merited some attention from her family, Lady Clanroy felt chagrin that in a multiplicity of avocations and engagements, she had entirely forgotten Lord Llancharne's application for a ticket for him. She now requested Lord Glenarm to call next day, and apologize for the unintentional omission, and, if possible, to discover had he personated Fitz-James.

"Suffer me to accompany you, Syd- "ney," said Llancharne; "for upon "second thoughts, this same *spirited* "Knight hath treated me rather cava- "lierly by flitting away, and leaving me "in the dark respecting his phiz—Odds "daggers and balls, now I think of it, "I am in a horrible huff—*Il m'a mal-* "*traité, et j'en veux avoir ma revanche.*"

"Nay, my valorous cousin," cried Frederic, "you are too pugnacious; "take care you do not objurgate the

"stranger undeservedly: by your own "account he was not guilty of pseudo-"logy, but merely intimated that every "body would unmask at supper: you "inferred he would stay—his conduct "dilucidates he had no such intend-"ment, or, if he had, you compelled him "to form a deuteros copy; *ergo*, your "conclusion was erroneous."

"Perplex my intellect, Fred," replied Lord Llancharne, "but in the cogibun-"dity of your cogitations, you have col-"lected such a superfluity of strange "words, that few comprehensions can "comprehend your incomprehensible "jargon without a lexicon eternally in "their hands."

"Cogibundity!" repeated Frederic; "I must confess my nescience of the "term; I shall seek for it in ——"

"Chro—non—ho—ton—tho—lo—gos," interrupted his lordship. When he had narrated the adventure which had introduced him to the stranger's abode, he had termed it the haunted demesne,

to heighten the hyperbole of the description: admitted at a private entrance, through which he had returned, as being that nearest to Ballanaghiera, he knew of none other; and to it on the following day he drove in his curricle with Lord Glenarm.

At the gate they were informed by children of the lodge, that "the master "was gone to Dublin town for a time; "and daddy and mammy at market; that "themselves were locked in; but if their "honours chose to go round to the big "piers; them gates were never locked."

"When did your master go, pray?" inquired Lord Glenarm.

"He went a great great while agone, "if it's daddy's master your worship "means," was the answer.

"Pray, what is his name, my pretty "one?" asked Lord Llancharne dexterously flourishing, and discomposing the little girls flaxen ringlets with his curricle whip.

"Macgloughlin, Sir, an please you,"

she modestly replied, and collecting the children, ran with them into the lodge, and closed the door.

" Macgloughligan," said Lord Glenarm, " a jaw-breaker truly."

" A neat one," rejoined Llancharne ; " no wonder *dummy* or *blackeys* could not " get their tongues about it."

" Very surprising that we should not " have heard of him somewhere ; you " say, Harry, this Mr. Mac—glough—li " —gan's establishment is respectable ; " his equipages well appointed ; I must " solicit his interest," carefully entering the name in his pocket-book.

" Respectable," reiterated Llancharne. " By all that is astonishing, they are " *magnifiques*."

To Lady Clanroy's inquiries, they reported all the information they had gleaned: from the children's account, she concluded the stranger had not been in the country at the time of the masquerade; Lady Eleanor was now of the same opinion, and in addition to her

disappointment, deeply regretted having taken the ring.

"Had it belonged to this mister with "the horrible nick name," observed Lady Clanroy, "it could have been re-"stored, but now I fear the opportunity "is past, in all probability never to re-"turn."

The ring was a single brilliant of unusual size and finest water; she knew it to be of considerable value, and wished to conceal it from her cousin and Frederic, dreading their raillery. She wished the Countess to have taken it until they should find out to whom it belonged; but Lady Clanroy insisted she should always wear it, in the hope that accident might discover the owner.

CHAPTER XV.

'If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, and learning, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at the last!'

THE amiable owner of Kilmoyne had carefully avoided meeting the castle party, except in the unforeseen *rencontre* already described; upon hearing of the masquerade, he wished to participate in a species of amusement which he particularly liked. Apprehending the supposed Lady Llancharne to be the secret magnet which lured him to desire a ticket not received, he took himself seriously to task, and dwelt longer on the subject than he should, in pursuance of the plan he had adopted, seeking to find arguments in favour of inclination against reason, a dangerous experiment. Having considered the matter coolly and

dispassionately, as he thought, he fell into an error too frequently indulged, and admitted 'trifles light as air,' to be the weightiest proofs of what he wished to prove; and suffered palliatives barely possible to answer objections in their nature unanswerable: there now seemed little merit in obtaining a conquest over himself untried by temptation which in his self-imposed seclusion, there was no opportunity of encountering.

On the impulse of the moment he resolved to search his heart; and in order to discover if his sentiments for the ideal Lady Llancharne were culpable, he determined to join the masques, and if possible to enter into conversation with her, relying on the stability in the paths of rectitude from which he had never intentionally swerved; purposing, if he then could feel indifference at beholding her the wife of another, to throw off his solitary habits, and return to society: on the contrary, should his predilection continue, such as he thought incom-

patible with honour, he intended to quit Kilmoyne until the Viscount's family should leave the neighbourhood.

Yet how could he expect to gain admission without a ticket; it was too late to solicit one; but this was of little moment; he would not now have condescended to request one, as he had been unnoticed by the Earl and Countess. It was almost equally repugnant to him to go uninvited, but impetuous feelings irresistibly silenced all objections. Occupied by these different reflections, he had paced the room with hurried steps; then thoughtfully pausing, he summoned his valet, who instantly appeared.

" Marmont," said he, " what dress " can I wear at the masquerade?"

" *Plusieurs, Monseigneur.*"

" *One* will be quite sufficient—what " have I?"

" *Si Monseigneur me permettoit l'hon-* " *neur de* recommen *de* suit *verd, ma foi,* " *c'est charmant!* or de désguise *d'Her-*

" *cule; cela vous sied à miracle!* or bote, *si*
" Monseigneur vish change him dress."
" Have you the skin in preservation?"
" *Mais qu'oui.*"
" Then I shall wear both, Marmont;
" the hunting suit underneath the dis-
" guise of Hercules; as you observe, it
" is possible I may wish to change my
" dress. In all probability I shall not
" stay above an hour at the castle;
" but lest I should wish the cap and
" bugle, do you take them with you; the
" two dresses will be rather heavy—no
" matter—I can lay one of them aside
" at any moment. Put some changes into
" my valice; and have the travelling
" carriage in readiness; I may go for-
" ward from the castle to Belfast, per-
" haps to Dublin; however this is un-
" certain. Go, and lose no time in
" making the necessary preparations."

Passing through his own gates, the porter's wife, Nelly M'Laughlin dropped a rude courtesy, and hoped his

honour was not going a long journey; she held a smiling infant in her arms; putting a bank-note into its hands, the benevolent stranger desired the happy mother to buy a cow for the child, drove off, and speedily arrived at the castle. Desiring to speak to one of the upper servants, he inquired if his valet might remain, in case he should choose to alter his dress; and trying the effect of a golden passport, reached the harbour unquestioned.

On approaching the Countess his conscience smote him, whilst returning her courteous salute at obtruding an unbidden guest; but her kind greeting partly reconciled him to what was now irremediable: the Earl's affability pleased him, and after some short conversation, he made way for some newly arrived guests; turning to seek the supposed Lady Llancharne, he was attracted by the brilliant figure of Nourhan. The Eastern habit first caught his notice; he gazed at her with admiration and

surprise. He thought her handsome, interesting, and that he had seen the features before, but where he could not call to mind, not immediately recollecting she had accompanied Lady Eleanor and the Countess the first day he had encountered the party: advancing to accost her, the simple attire, the countenance of Lady Eleanor met his view; his purpose was instantly changed. Hovering near, without daring to approach, he could have heartily cursed the officious Marmont for recommending his present dress. Meditating to retire and disencumber himself of it, he perceived the object of his pursuit, and her friend, surrounded by a host of masques, and evidently disconcerted by their maudlin wit.

It occurred to him that his interference might be acceptable, and he took the first unoccupied place at their side: when not called upon to shield them from intrusion, he had leisure to tudy Lady Eleanor; her engaging coun-

tenance, her observations charmed him, and he wished to join in the conversation; but perceived, whenever he approached, her eyes averted. He felt infinite surprise at the absence of the volatile Llancharne; thought his lordship must be truly insensible to leave such a being exposed to 'the glance,' the insidious whisper of the 'treacherous friend or daring spark, insults too frequently encountered at such entertainments. The Countess, occupied by receiving her guests, could not afford protection if required; and for the first time he condemned an amusement which, under covert of a masque, subjects the chaste female ear to gross indelicacies from the lips of unprincipled libertines; some of whom had to himself boasted, that whilst they almost trembled to look a modest woman in the face, they had (with cowardly effrontery, and screened from detection by a masque) ventured to say, with impunity, any thing, however improper, relying

upon the innate delicacy of the insulted fair for security from the chastisement such unmanly conduct merited. In Mrs. Malaprop, Hercules expected to discover a character of this stamp. When he found whom it was he had repulsed, he felt utterly confounded; but the drollery and good-humour of the supposed husband soon banished all restraint.

Seizing the opportunity afforded by Lady Eleanor's leaving the arbour with Frederic, Hercules retired to throw off his outer dress, glad to be relieved from its weight, and secure of finding her Ladyship on his return, without losing time in pursuit. When the answering bugle, which he thought was her's, sounded on his ear, he paused—the palpitation it caused at his heart was painful, and he hesitated, uncertain whether to advance or recede; but when he beheld a pleasure which she had not evinced at sight of Hercules, sparkle in Lady Eleanor's eye at his approach,

yielding at once to inclination it determined him. In the Magician's speech, he conceived "more was meant than met the ear," and would have darted after him to find out, who it was that had not only penetrated his disguise, but most hidden thoughts, had not pursuit been baffled by the crowd. When Lady Eleanor first discovered her friends had quitted the gallery without her, the diffidence with which she returned his address made her the more irresistibly captivating: *mauvaise honte* he detested; seldom was the nice distinction more strongly marked than by her dignity of deportment.

During a conversation wherein he drank deeply of the cup of love, the expected election was casually mentioned, as having caused much gaiety in the neighbourhood. Lady Eleanor adverted to the surprise excited by Mr. Taswell, the late member having declared his intention to stand the contest, it being generally understood his state of health

would not permit of his attending parliamentary duties. To Fitz-James's inquiry, if Mr. Taswell were present, Lady Eleanor replied, she believed not, that he was unknown to the Earl. Fitz-James observed, he would not inquire for which of the parties her Ladyship felt *most* interest; but Lord Glenarm, apart—whom then did she wish to succeed? She professed the others alike indifferent to her, adding, she thought Mr. Taswell better entitled than either of his competitors. The East Indian, although possessed of, in the eyes of the world, the most substantial recommendation—incalculable wealth; yet, not being a native, had no claim to the representation of a county in Ireland. Sir Edmond Harleigh was a being so listless, so heartless, she much questioned if the result could excite in him a sensation, either of pleasure or disappointment. That as to Lord Glenarm, there were no doubts entertained of his success; his friends, perhaps, were san-

guine, but they would not permit themselves to suppose he could be defeated. That he had the happiness to engage deeply the affections of those with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to create a degree of interest unusual for one so young.

When they were attacked by the Gretna Green party, the novelty of the group amused him, and for a moment he dared to wish the scene reality, but this sentiment was transient. Lady Eleanor's manner of repulsing their bold assurance, and directing their attention to what he imagined her wedding-ring; recalled his thoughts from the extatic vision; and he now as ardently wished to break from her fascinating society, as he had at first ardently courted it.

Whilst impeded by the crowd, they had stood to observe the lovely incognita, he mentally allowed that her form, excepting by that which his arm supported, was unequalled. Ever attentive to the least expression of his fair

companion, he was charmed with the encomiums she lavished on the inimitable performance of the young lady who danced the guaracha, they showed her's to be a disposition wherein envy had no place. She did not endeavour to enhance her own merits by deteriorating those of others; he now acknowledged he had " tempted fate," as predicted by the Magician, feared his " peace was indeed wrecked on the shoals of despair;" his heart irrecoverably become the " victim of a passion," which *ought* never be returned by the *wife*, he accidentally substituted for *betrothed* of another; and secretly reprobated his temerity in having ventured into her presence. Thus increasing at every moment the store of fancied unhappiness he had laid up for himself, his mind became a chaos.

When he insisted upon an explanation from the Magician, the irritability of his temper was roused to a maddening height. He thought some lurking foe had penetrated his secret, and

burned to have him dismasked; language cannot pourtray the surprise and horror which thrilled through his frame on discovering the envied husband, as he thought, of the idolized Lady Llancharne. The turbulence of his emotions had nearly betrayed him; he rejoiced in the shade afforded by his mask, knowing such complicated feelings must be depicted in his countenance. With ill assumed serenity, he had apologized for the trouble caused to Lord Llancharne, who had borne with his petulance rather than occasion a *fracas*, which might interrupt the harmony of the evening.

Finding himself unequal to any further conversation with the Lady Ellen, tired of a perpetual reiteration of frivolity and unmeaning attempts at wit, he hurried from the Castle, displeased with himself for having hazarded the experiment, when conscious of the temptations he should have to cope with, by his retreat eluding the vigilance of the

magician, whose request he had insinuated should be granted at supper. With a mind torn by conflicting emotions, he affected on parting from Lord Llancharne to rejoin the motley throng, and wandered by accident into the refreshment room. Having allayed his parching thirst, he threw himself into his carriage a prey to unavailing regret, and ordered his servants to take the road to Belfast.

CHAPTER XVI.

'But all at length seated with infinite labour,
By making each ride, on the hip of his neighbour;
The footman makes haste the two soups to uncover,
Black dish wash the one, and whey curdle the other.'

A SECOND invitation had been received from Poulton Place; at length arrived the day on which the Countess remembered with regret, she had promised to dine there; no possible solicitation could induce Lady Llancharne or Mrs. Sidney to be of the party. Various cards badly spelled, and worse directed, had been dispatched by Mrs. Poulton to her 'neighbours, many of whom returned verbal answers, that "Madam should surely be waited upon." Some of the ladies thus invited were thrown into sad perplexity; they had

heard the family from the Castle were expected, and fancied they should go better dressed than usual to meet them. Last winter's caps and turbans were old fashioned and ill coloured; hair could not be expected to look commonly decent after a drive of some miles on an uncovered carriage, and yet appear they would; it was an opportunity not to be lost.

When Mrs. Poulton's toilette was completed, she repaired to the drawing-room where she sat in state to receive her guests, most of whom came early to avoid the mortification of unloading from gigs, jaunting cars, and hackney chaises, in view of the Clanroy family. Consequently the Castle party arrived at a comparatively late hour, when they were received with boisterous demonstrations of joy, Mrs. Poulton exclaiming—

"Welcome, as the flowers in May,
"Leedies and Lords, one with another!
"here, my Leedy Countess, take my

"sate; I have been keeping it hot for
"you. Leedy Eleo-nelly—oh, you've
"got a sate—Miss Satchill, dear—Lory,
"will give you the half of her chair—
"don't be dashed—never look like a cat
"on a strange garret—there's none by
"but friends and strangers. Ods bobs,
"where's them officers?"

Lady Clanroy explained that Colonel Oulney and Major Willmotte had returned to Dublin. Declaring how sorry it made her, Mrs. Poulton added, "I
"almost took a mortual hatred to offi-
"cers a twelfth night; but sure
"Fortyshoe and us has made up sence;
"for why, he writ a civil letter to Mr.
"P— on the score of it."

The house was large and expensively furnished, but very defective in taste, having Gothic pillars, Greek bas-reliefs, and modern French draperies: in every part of it appeared profusion and extravagance. Mrs. Poulton, as a trait of superior fashion, called the attention of

the whole company to Lady Clanroy's dress, by observing—

"That is a mighty elegant thing in "your coat my Leedy—it flogs all—and "the lining's every hair as good as the "outside."

The females invited to meet Lady Clanroy sat "huddled together," whilst a heterogeneous commixture of "bucks, attornies and Captains of Yeomen," some packed into the windows, others with their backs to the fire-place, stared full at the ladies—a solemn silence reigned. Mr. David Poulton, whose character formed a whimsical combination of Clod-pate, and *petit maître*, addressed Lady Eleanor, requesting her to examine some paintings with which the walls were covered, without either methou or judgment in the arrangement of light and shade. A portrait of Angelica Kauffman, drawn by her own pencil, first caught her attention.

"Look ye here, my Lady," said he,

taking up his glass affectedly, and pointing to an adjoining picture—" there is
" a Medusa for you—'tis enough to
" scare the priest himself!"

" It is really very terrific," said Lady Eleanor, averting her eyes from a miserable daub (representing Judith with the head of Holofernes) in imitation of Quilinus.

Mr. David resumed—" The drawer's
" name I forget—but he was some ould
" Greek, and counted a mighty fine
" workman."

" Law, brother," lisped Miss Poulton,
" where is your memory? don't you re-
" collect he was Angelical Gofmin?"

" You are a nate pair of ackwishures," interrupted Miss Loriana Poulton, with a loud laugh; " never mind them my
Lady; that far off one was drew by a
" Sir Joseph Rendoyls—Frank, who
" lived with a great picture man, and is
" a dab at them things, told me so."

The fond mother, glad to display her

favorite daughter's superior information, now observed—

"You are cute enough, Lory, honey, "without Master Frank's teaching, so "there is no needcessity for him to put "in his gab. I'll go bail you could tell "us 'em all as pat as a magpie."

"And to be sure I could, mother," answered Miss Lory; "Davy and Bessy "with all their quality airs were quite "out, for there is Angellica herself "yander beyant; not a man at all, but a "lady; and as I hope to be married, she "is grinning at Bessy for calling her a "he—You may well laugh at them, "Lord Lack-harm (for his Lordship's "risible muscles could no longer be re-"strained); but Frank told me she done "it herself, fornint the looking-glass, "and in my mind she was a fool when "she set about it, that did'nt make a "prettier face on herself while her hand "was in."

Llancharne, attributing his laughter to

the ignorance of his cousin, said, she wanted, to persuade him and Archdeacon Sloane, it was the head of Holofernes—

"That's not it at all, but t'other pic-"ture," returned Miss Lory; "and there "she's in the wrong box too—for that's "the girl that once on a time danced "some ould king out of a present; "*you* must remember it," she added, giving the Archdeacon an unexpected pinch on the tender part of the arm, "for 'twas you told us the whole history "at church, and that put me in mind of "it now."

Smarting under the effects of her unwelcome remembrancer, the Archdeacon made a hasty retreat without deigning a reply; being, unhappily for himself, unable to bear patiently so painful a reminiscence, even from the delicate finger of the accomplished Loriana: he seemed not to recollect it was of the daughter of Herodius she had spoken. Complimenting her on the depth of her

enviable and scientific knowledge, Lord Llancharne entreated her explanation of the piece over the pianoforte; but, unfortunately for him, dinner was announced ere he could obtain the wished-for elucidation, which, from the specimens already given, he expected to have found equally instructive.

When the company were seated, which, in despite of contrivance, no one had effected to their own liking, a young officer entered.

"How are you, Mr. Ensign Forty-"shoe?" inquired the hospitable dame; "better late than never—that's right, "Sir, draw over a chair, and sit down "on the ground hard by Dick's elbow "—help yourself, my lad of wax, and "your friends will like you the better."

The embarrassed Fortescue, who had not made his appearance since his memorable exploit, had sealed his pardon by a well-timed present of game to Mrs. Poulton, of which she had invited him to partake. He now took his seat

near the foot of the table, whilst Mrs. Poulton graced the head. Mr. Fortescue was the accidental son of an English gentleman of small fortune, and had, before the sixth, been a favourite and constant guest at Poulton Place. Complacently viewing the endless arrangement of pasties and pies, Lady Clanroy found herself suddenly besieged, and entreated to take a *taste* of *every* thing at table. She frequently changed her over-laden plate to little purpose, for Mrs. Poulton, who, to gain time for carving and pressing, had swallowed her own dinner in her dressing room, alternately adjusting a ringlet and discussing a pâté, now as continually helped the Countess to every thing within her reach, still lamenting that she had nothing at table but was done to rags;—shifting her battery, she thus attacked her lord and master—

"Well, Dick Poulton, if ever I seed
"the like; one might as well have an
"Antony as you there—here is my

" Leedyship on my left wanton to drink
" wine wi ye—don't mind him, my
" Leedy, he's a martyrdom to the rheu-
" matics this year and a half gone by."

The hen-pecked husband quietly taking the hint, his facetious rib, addressing her now-reinstated favourite, added—

" Fortyshoe, the pleasure of a glass
" wi you, to make up that breach be-
" twixt us, we'll drink *better luck* in
" *thief catching*;" then looking at the Earl with a smirk, she intended to be most bewitching, " We'll take your
" ——ship in," she continued; and turning to the Countess whispered audibly,
" don't be jealous, my Leedy."

The entertainment was served in a style to which the party from the castle were total strangers, profusion being substituted for elegance, and anarchy usurping the place of decorum. Many domestics attended, some of whom not an hour released from the labours of the plough were dressed in rich liveries;

ludicrous accidents happened from their blundering awkwardness; and instead of contributing to the ease and comfort of the guests, they were in continual dread of some dire mischance.

Passionately fond of the burlesque, Llancharne completely in his element, had here ample scope for the indulgence of this sportive vein. Seated between Miss Poulton and her sister, he paid extravagant compliments to the former, by whom they were received with a ridiculous affectation of dignity, and at intervals he rattled away with Loriana, who seemed to be a thorough-bred romp. On Miss Poulton feigning she had no appetite, and *never* could eat any dinner, but like a Chinese gold-fish, required no other aliment than fresh water to subsist upon; Llancharne assured her the modern *elegantes* maintained no such stomachic decorum, but that they swallowed beef, mutton, pâtés and sweetmeats in capital style, and afterwards tippled liquors, drank

iced punch, and quaffed Champagne. That it actually grieved him to see either his cousin or Miss Vatchel eating with appetite; it was so unsentimental, and that he thought ladies (the divinities of this sublunary sphere) in order to command the respect of rude men, ought never to betray the least appearance of sensual wants. The indefatigable hostess singled him out for her next witticisms, saying—

" Lord Longhorne, what are you 'bout " there wi my daughters—are you " making love to them, Sir?"

Observing his plate, which could literally hold no more, she added—

" You haven't a mouthful on your " plate, Lord Longhorne—you are a bad " mechanick, like the wavers of Drog- " heda, you're idle for weft! Raise that " cover, fornint you, Sir, my Lord, if " you please, its say keel."

A servant snatching the china cover, it fell from his luckless grasp; perceiv-

ing the scattered fragments, Mrs. Poulton angrily exclaimed—

" O murther! its all shivered to Smi-
" thereens—"

" Sure I didn't do it a purpose:" returned the domestic—" nor was it none
" of my fault neither—'twas this gen-
" tleman's elbow done it as I hope to be—"

" As you hope to be a fiddlestick," retorted Mrs. Poulton, with increased displeasure. " You're the biggest liar
" in the whole parish, Barney Browne—
" you know you are: you'd swear a
" black pig was a minister, and that you
" hard him praych! No offince, Arch-
" dean, faith I forgot the clargy was
" by."

" None intended, I trust, madam," replied the Archdeacon. With her eyes riveted on the sea-kail, this answer was unheard by Mrs. Poulton, who sighed out—" Well, to be sure, its seldom one
" does it—and when one does, it's hard

"to be traited this away. I'd have "you to know leedies and gentlemen, "its seldom *I* goes to my kitchen, but "I went there to-day, for a wonder— "and by the same token, Mick, the "gardiner sent in a power of say keel. "Aye, indeed, as much as would sarve "any decent tawderly family for a week "entirely—and as thick as my arm— "now look if that ould unicorn of a "cook has sent up a pinsworth of any "thing but straws."

The footman passing at the moment with the remains of the fractured cover, interrupted her harangue; turning with an inflamed countenance, she cried— "Hark ye—you clumsy Gilloot—hurry "her up with the removes."

Llancharne wishing to stifle laughter, which he feared would suffocate him, asked for some water; but Mr. Frank, the under butler, who had joined in all conversations, and given useful hints to the carvers, interfered, saying—

"Faith, my Lord, the Missus dont "allow any body at all to taste water "in this house, let alone your Lordship "—there is the greatest plinty of cider, "porter, spruce beer, and perry; so "you musn't have water, but of all the "rest you may drink gillhore."

"Ah, leave off with your chat, "Frank," cried Loriana. "Law Frank," lisped Miss Poulton conceitedly, "how "you worry one! Let my Lordship "alone, and I'll join him in a glass of "water, to drink to our better acquaint-"ance." Drawing a large rusty key from her much sullied pocket, Mrs. Poulton said—"Here, Bessy, my dar-"lant—go with Frank to the cellar for "a cooper of Champaign wine for the "desart."

Losing all her practised softness at this request, Miss Bessy replied, "Och, "send Davy, mother—I am fairly tired "to death, so I am, and he done nothing "all the livelong day."

" There is a bounce for you," roared *Davy.* " Pon my faith, that one tells as " many—as would thatch a gallows!"

" I repeat," returned the charming Bessy, " I am so fagged, I can't shake " a leg!"

To which Mr. David tenderly replied, " Oh dear! its mighty bad with you— " Come take yourself aff, Miss, for I " wont stir one inch, so I wont."

" Mind the airs that one takes on " now, mother," observed Miss Poulton, " Ah dada, bid Davy go."

" It's no use argufying now," returned Mr. David; " I tell you once for all, I " wont go never a bit—Sorrow fut I'll " budge, that's flat— "

" Conswoption to you for Ballyraggin, " this away afore the quality," grumbled Mrs. Poulton—" Ga long, out of my " sight this very minute, hussy, and " fetch the Champaign wine without ' more bother."

" Hurroo, murther, Polly," exult-

ingly exclaimed Mr. David, " only look " ye now, how mad Bett is— "

" No wonder," murmured Miss Bessy; " you are always thraping at me, you " young pup—I'm sure I wisht we " never seen company at all—it har- " rashes and puts one so through other." Rising angrily, " You see your *pet* " wouldn't go for you mother," she added, and ordered Mr. Frank to light her to the cellar. *Continuing* to do the honours becomingly, Mr. David thus addressed Lady Eleanor:

" There's a great *drooth* betwixt us, " my Lady; if you're agreeable, we'll " teek the fever of a glass of wine?"

" You desarve the milling of a goat, " Davy, for your sauciness to Miss " Bess," resumed Mrs. Poulton. " If I " was Lady Eleo-nelly, I would sooner " give you a rope for speaking so dis- " respectful to your eldest sister."

" Eldest indeed, Oh, she is *old* enough --but, mum—here she is"—rejoined the hopeful youth.

Returning to her seat, Miss Poulton remarked, "It is mighty lucky that "Frank is such a decent genteel lad; "the back stairs to the cellar is the "lonesomest place alive; I daren't for "my ears venture down for fear of the "rots, so Frank has the key all to "himself."

Lord Glenarm, who had hitherto been a silent spectator, now begged to have the honour of taking wine with Mrs. Poulton.

"Oh, that indeed," she replied. "As much as ever you chose, my Lord; "a good thing can't be done too often."

Llancharne ironically complimenting Miss Poulton on her truly feminine timidity, was silenced by a sudden explosion—the Countess precipitately left the room, and the other ladies followed. The *decent* Frank, whilst alone in the cellar, had secreted two bottles of Champaign, on which the heat of a blazing fire, as he stood behind Lady Clanroy, took such effect, that the

fermenting liquor burst the bottles, and the wine poured in torrents: to conceal his confusion, the horrified domestic fled from the room, whilst Mr. David roared, "Howl-ups—small-beer!"

Re-seated in the drawing-room, Lady Clanroy found herself completely exhausted by the laborious ceremonies ot the day, and would gladly have returned to the castle, but her equipage had been unfortunately sent home, therefore no alternative remained but to await patiently its return; she truly envied Lady Llancharne and Mrs. Sidney. Mrs. Poulton lingered to hear the cause of the uproar, which having ascertained, she re-entered the drawing-room inflamed with rage, exclaiming—"Marry
"come up—well, if ever I seed such a
"kettle of fish! that prate-roast, Frank,
"has stole two bottles of Champaign
"wine, and slipped them, like a rogue
"as he is, into the pockets of his new

" livery, I'll settle his hash for him in
" the morning, the thieving Kinnatt—I
" purtest I am sorry your Countes-
" ship looked so frightful about such a
" trifle, it would take something more
" to tassicate me, I declare."

CHAPTER XVII.

'Quando il muro della civiltà è rotto, la mala-creanza e l'insulto presto si fanno strada per la breccia.'

'When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeness and insult soon enter at the breach.'

SCARCELY had one hour 'moved on leaden wing,' ere the gentlemen left the dining room: Mr. Poulton would have resented this premature desertion, but was not in conversible mood; Somnus had sealed his eyelids. His heavy breathing and long drawn snore, dispersed the party in search of more enlivening society. Mr. David, unsupported by his fond mamma, relapsed into accustomed sheepishness, and sneaked after them. Upon their entrance, the accomplished hostess, to display the acquirements of her daugh-

ters, who, in her estimation, were *sans pareil*, desired Miss Poulton to give them a tune on her new thingumbob, meaning thereby a beautiful harp she had a few days before gotten from Dublin.

"Law, ma!" murmured this paragon of duty, "how can you be so unreasonable "as to ask me to play before them "young ladies?"

"Why not, sauce-box?" retorted the disappointed mother; "but if you don't "choose to be obliging, miss—my own "Lory will. Come, honey, sit down "and give us a stave; it's you has the "notes for it! touch up your sister's "strim-stram like a pet; you'll make "it spake I'll wager."

"I'll do my very best, with all the "veins in my heart, mother," answered Loriana.

"That's a jewel," said Mrs. Poulton, contrasting the conduct of her daughters; "you, Lory, are a credit to a body; sing "something merry my darlant, and if "ever a one dislikes it, a fig for their

" taste; let them show if they can bate
" you."

This *piquante* observation was directed to her elder girl; but as the phrase 'ever a one' included a larger number, it might be equally applicable to the whole company, should they venture to disapprove the performance of her favorite. Encouraged by her mother's smiles, Loriana placed herself in the most conspicuous part of the room, and seizing the harp, struck the chords 'in praise of Bragela,' which she accompanied with a coarse loud voice. When she ceased, Miss Vatchel observed,

" 'Tis from Ossian."

" There you are out, miss," returned Mrs. Poulton; " 'tis from no such shab-
" beroon place, I can tell you; the song
" was bought in Dublin, and came here
" straight; I could show the bill."

Kissing her daughter, she exultingly exclaimed, " Lory! you gives a body
" the worth of their money; many's
" the good penny *somebody* cost me to the

" musicioner, and what's to the fore for
" it after all?—when she's axed for a
" tune, 'twould be easier to melt the
" heart of a wheel-barrow, or make a
" broom-stick dance."

Starting with feigned alarm at the violence of Loriana's first attack on the trembling string, Fortescue whispered Frederic,

" Would you like to be a harp?"

" Not for the seas worth," he returned,
" to be clawed in such a manner by
" that young tigress—" on reconsideration, he added, " it might however
" prove less irksome than being con-
" demned to listen to the jargon of that
" incondite syncopist the mother." This 'jargon' being to Fortescue equally unintelligible, he returned a significant shrug; which, in many instances, is found to be more expressive than language. It would appear the Ensign had studied Plutarch's treatise, entitled 'How to Listen;' few understood the art, or used it to better advantage.

When a minister's patriotism or legislator's incorruptibility were questioned, he could look, wink, or nod in a manner to imply more forcibly than words whatsoever answer should accord with the sentiments of the speaker. Nay, even a lady's reputation, however spotless, was scarcely proof against a well-timed smile betokening doubt; and if accompanied by a shrug, her virtue, however immaculate, was from that hour more than questionable. Feeling nearly stunned by Miss Loriana's boisterous exertions to produce harmony, and dreading a repetition, Lady Clanroy observed to Maria Sidney, "the harp "is a sweet instrument, peculiarly "adapted for plaintive airs."

"You're right, my leedy," interrupted Mrs. Poulton; "them is my sort—Lory, "dear, give us Creezy Jeen, and may "be Deevy 'd bate it up along wi you "on the tomborin."

"Mr. O'Crotchet, mother, borried that "tune a Friday last," replied Loriana,

" and he haven't gave it back sense;
" you know I can't play athout the
" music: any how I wouldn't let Davy
" put in his oar, for he and his tomboor-
" reen moithers one's brains so; they'd
" bother a rookery."

" Did I give lave, miss, for you to lind
" your new book?" said Mrs. Poulton;
" mind you look sharp after it,—them
" O'Crotchet's has the name of being
" nimble fingered and if it's gone, for
" sartain; I'll stop it out o' your 'low-
" ance, mind that now—and mighty
" brazen in him it was for to dar for to
" hoik it off wi him, but I'll give him
" a sassarara for it."

" You needn't spake about Mr.
" O'Crotchet," replied Loriana, redden-
ing with an appearance of interest in-
explicable to the company; " I'm sure
" he's genteeler than some people,"
looking at Fortescue; " who'd sing
" 'Listen to the Voice of Love' like
" him? I wouldn't giye a crooked pin
" for fine names, or red coats neither,

" Mr. Ensign, so you needn't turn up
" your nose at your betters. Brazen as
" *she* says Mr. O'Crotchet is, did *he* ever
" count ladies and gentlemens thieves
" and robbers, to put five hundred
" pounds in his own pocket? In my
" mind, if the men had the spunk of a
" mouse, it's other *pounds somebody'd* have
" got for twelfth-night's jobation." This
atticisme called forth from Mrs. Poulton.

" What's that you're sputtering there,
" miss?"

" I say it's a pretty hullabaloo to set
" up about a dirty bit of a book," grumbled Miss Loriana; " and if I had it
" again, I'd lend it again."

" Faicks, then, if you'd lend it again,
" you'd *pay* for it again, miss—" roared
Mrs. Poulton, with increased displeasure. This colloquy concluded by Loriana flouncing out of the room for the
night, sobbing as she went—

" Let them play for *you*, now that
" plaises."

To cover her daughter's retreat, the

now ashamed Mrs. Poulton proposed a pool of Commerce, at which the young people laboured, whilst the Earl and Countess, Lord Glenarm, and Archdeacon Sloane formed a party at quadrille. Mrs. Poulton repeatedly lamenting she had not thought of a *fiddler* in time, it would have been such a *seditious* to the company. A round game generally produces amongst the less civilized, a description of familiarity of manner, a sort of *cassade* very intolerable to the more polished. Mr. David inspired by this *enlivening* game, became unusually animated, and exclaimed,

"There's a *thief* in the candle—For-"tyshoe, my man—now's *your* time." The Ensign not perceiving the point of this *jeu de mots*, raised the opened snuffers. "Mind *you* shut the *gates* on him," added Mr. David, with a knowing wink.

"How barbarously unfeeling," remarked Miss Vatchel, who had declined cards, and was seated at some distance from the table; Lord Llancharne had

played out purposely to join her.—" Is
" that poor young man," she continued,
" ever to be tormented on the masque-
" rade's singular termination? I am
" hurt more than others by these allu-
" sions, feeling myself to have been ac-
" cessary to placing Mr. Fortescue in a
" ludicrous point of view, when he was
" really but performing an act of duty."

" I should sincerely participate your
" uneasiness, did I not know *interest*,
" not duty to have swayed the exertions
" of that night, " replied Lord Llan-
charne.—Miss Vatchel resumed,

" I have not since had an opportu-
" nity to make my acknowledgments to
" your Lordship, for your kind and ju-
" dicious silence at the time I was inter-
" rogated by my Lord Clanroy as to
" the disappearance of my partner,—
" I had promised you the particulars of
" a strange adventure; they are now
" unnecessary; you must have conjec-
" tured that the escape of the unfortu-

" nate Murray, is the circumstance to
" which I alluded."

" Now that you have revived the
" subject, permit me to express my
" high approbation of the humane yet
" hazardous act which insured the un-
" fortunate's escape. May I hope that
" I am pardoned for my intrusive unau-
" thorized guardianship of you that
" eventful evening? I acknowledge
" myself not to have been aware that
" your partner was the character he
" afterwards proved; yet must confess
" I felt unhappy, *very unhappy*, at per-
" ceiving the gracious smile with which
" you honoured his conversation, and
" the visible pleasure you seemed to
" experience from it. I am however
" much gratified by the partial confi-
" dence with which you have now fa-
" voured me; and give me leave to as-
" sure you, that had I not met the elo-
" quent, the expressive glance, which
" solicited my silence, I would not,

" even to *you*, have appeared to under-
" stand the manner of Murray's escape,
" which was a more *generous* return than
" you had reason to expect from one
" whom you treated with such delibe-
" rate cruelty that *evening*: you knew
" not, Nourhan, the eagerness, the impa-
" tience, with which I had looked for-
" ward to its arrival, in the hope of
" obtaining an opportunity to acquaint
" you with the sentiments of a heart
" whose every pulsation beats for your
" happiness,—and yet I know not how
" it is, that now, when a moment
" as favourable to my wishes presents
" itself, I am abashed, unequal to the
" disclosure of my feelings; and what I
" have with so much anxiety sought,
" may be wrested from me ere I tell
" you how tenderly, how deeply I love
" you,—start not at my presumption
" in making an avowal so abrupt, but
" feel for me—pity me—recollect that
" although every moment passed in your
" society reveals some new, some in-

" discribable charm, I am denied the
" gratification of addressing one word
" to you, except in common with other
" claimants for your attention, but what
" my tongue has not dared to utter, my
" eyes would have plainly told, had you
" not studiously avoided them. Even
" now, by your averted looks, I see that
" to complaisance more than to *interest*,
" I am indebted for your extorted at-
" tention —— Nourhan, your silence
" distracts me—it leads me to fear I
" have nothing to hope—speak—leave
" me no longer in suspense—say but
" one word, and let it breathe of mercy
" —may I——"

More of the Commerce party having played out, now surrounded the sofa *à l'antique*, on which Miss Vatchel was seated, and interrupted the Viscount, who precipitately retreating, secretly cursed the intruders. With a half-repressed sigh, Nourhan arose, and approached the round table; his Lordship's declaration painfully occupied her mind,

for with a minute recollection of it, she was obliged to acknowledge that

> 'Not one word of what he had said
> Conveyed the short request to *wed.*'

Sophia Waller and Mr. Fortescue were now rival competitors for the pool. She was elder hand, and displayed minor sequence in clubs, of which suit the Ensign held king, queen, and the deuce of diamonds, he of course resigned in favour of Miss Waller. Mr. David, still facetiously inclined, roared, "Fortyshoe, if you could have knabbed "that knave, you'd have made money "of him, as well as t'other; but you "play'd the deuce both times."

The Ensign was commencing a vindication, when the eagerly expected carriages were announced. Firmly refusing the entreaties of her entertainer to stay and pick a cold bone, Lady Clanroy departed, mentally resolving never upon any account to enter the house again, and considering that fifty

elections were better lost than one gained by courting the support of such persons.

With troublesome civility, Mrs. Poulton followed to the steps, saying, " I'm " mighty sorry you was so stupid all " day, my leedy, but it's no wonder at " all. The hapes of excuses I got from " genteel folks would provoke a saint: " there they lye higgledy-piggledy in " the little parlour; I'm sorry Miss " Poulton did not read 'em for us."

" I wish you had permitted me to " read them, Madam," said Llancharne.

" Take them home with you, Sir, and " a hearty kind welcome into the bar- " gain; make what use you plaise of " 'em; they cost me more vexation than " they're worth." And filling his hat with the precious cargo, he rejoined the Castle party, who joyfully set forward. After breakfast the following morning Lord Llancharne produced a parcel of papers, saying, "Mrs. Poulton's lamenta- tions "last evening tempted me to inspect

" the 'higgledy-piggledy excuses' she
" had in *hapes*; by way of precedents
" for similar occasions: to repair as far
" as I can the mortification she expe-
" rienced at their not having been
" regularly perused for the edification
" of the company, I shall now read them
" aloud, but must premise I should
" much rather have heard Miss Poul-
" ton."

Lady Clanroy protested against such a dishonourable procedure; but his lordship insisted they had been given with a hearty kind welcome, and with permission for him to do with them as he pleased; therefore, selecting one, he began with the utmost composure:

" Mr. and Mrs. Dunfanahy, Mr. Pat Dunfanahy, junior, and the three Miss Dunfanahy's, all presents compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Poulton, they are extremely vexed they cannot have the honour of dining with you on the 13th, as I am obliged to attend Mr. Dunfa-

nahy's grandmother's funeral, who died at a quarter past three yesterday morning, and she is sorry she can't go out till she gets decent mourning.

"*Knockarrogherra, Monday.*

"For Mr. and Mrs. POULTON."

Throwing this aside, he took up another from an officer of high rank, and with inflexible gravity read—

"G—— C——, *Wednesday.*

"Dear Poulton;

"I can't dine with you to-day by G—; a rascally fellow's damned horse, laden with panniers of cursed fish, jammed me up to a wall, and gave my leg such a devil of a squeeze, that here am I laid up on my soul in a hell of a passion at being prevented going to you by the awkwardness of that infernal scoundrel.

"In haste S——."

"Why this accident might provoke

" any moderate man," observed Llancharne, " but the Colonel is always so " cool, so dispassionate, that it requires " something serious to rouse his anger." Continuing with much perseverance to scan other apologies, which excited laughter, he found one curiously folded, and opening it, read—

" Mr. Slaughtery is very sorry that he and the mistress are prevented cutting Mr. Poulton's mutton this day, by a little accident which has unexpectedly happened, Mrs. S—— having just got two twins, a boy and a child, who, with the mother, are fine strong babies, and likely to thrive.

" *Ballybog, Wednesday.*"

" There is a specimen for you of what " ' genteel folks' can do in the episto- " lary way," cried Llancharne; " and " now for another."

" Hold, Harry," said the Countess, " I will not suffer you to " proceed;

there is no knowing where " such 'ac-
" cidents' might end; you must posi-
" tively either burn or tear the re-
" mainder without investigation."

" Singe my whiskers rather," he
returned, " I mean to have these sub-
" lime efforts of genius framed, glazed,
" and hung round my library.

CHAPTER XVIII.

——To those whose nicer feelings take
The fine impression which a look can make,
Who skilled in sorrows of their own, descry
The prisoned secret lurking in the eye,
To those there was a voice in every line.

WHEN the nominal Fitz-James, upon the evening of the masquerade, hurried from a scene wherein he had tasted the extremes of gratification and disappointment, and had thrown himself into his carriage, he proceeded some miles upon the road towards Belfast, absorbed in so deep a reverie, that he was wholly unconscious of every outward object. "Aurora's harbinger, at whose approach ghosts wandering here and there, troop home to church-yards," soon appeared; unmindful of the bloomy heath or green expanse of plains, our hero sat immersed in pensive meditation. His road was

one least frequented, and generally considered most dangerous in Ireland from the number of robberies committed thereon by a gang of desperadoes who infested the neighbourhood ; yet regardless of these particulars, his servants had inconsiderately followed it. His carriage suddenly stopped; letting down the window to inquire the cause, he felt renovated by the refreshing breeze of morn, and for the first time beheld the distant mountains fading into sky, and towering in awful sublimity.

A more immediate object claimed his attention. The drivers informed him one of the leaders had lost a shoe, and pointing to a miserable hut, the village forge, proposed to awaken the smith to have it replaced; wholly indifferent to the delay, he consented. The smith being called was prevailed on with some difficulty to arise: he was an elderly man of cadaverous aspect, grumbled much at having been disturbed, and with evident reluctance rekindled

his fire for the work. Wrapped in reflection, the stranger mused on the events of the preceding night, which was now passed and gone, seemed to him brief as a shadow, yet whilst existing, had contained an age of pleasure not unmixed with pain. The fancied wife was the only object in the universe he wished to forget; but with the inconsistency of human nature, his every thought was by her engrossed. Yet he felt not the turbulence of alternate hopes and fears, as the storm of fate he conceived had severed them. How transient seemed now the fleeting moments, fraught with rapture, which he had enjoyed in her society, and he vainly wished indifference to usurp the treacherous sense which doomed him to feel the pangs of hopeless love.

Recalled by the voice of the servant, who acquainted him that all was again ready for the road, he made an effort, hoping to overcome the weakness which pervaded his mind; and working up his

soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he endeavoured to chase the obtrusive image from his thoughts. Whilst inquiring how the work had been executed, his eyes rested accidentally on the countenance of the smith; to a physiognomist it contained a volume. The peculiar propensities of the mind are discernible in infancy; but the distinguishing characters of the face become more visible with age. In this countenance there appeared a varied expression, a contrariety of feelings, which, with his usual philanthropy, the stranger interpreted advantageously: others less accustomed to seek into nature, and study its intricacies in the lineaments and features, might have turned with dislike from a person who to such casual observers presented a face cast in nature's roughest mould, where dissimulation had not learned to conceal, or discipline taught the way to suppress the natural inclinations of the mind.

The stranger's knowledge of the

human heart was not speculative or built on abstracted reasonings, such as modern philosophers sometimes indulge in, without reaping any benefit therefrom in the regulation of their own passions; his judgment was matured by the irrefutable arguments of Locke, united with experience, resulting from rational observation. In man's practical understanding, or 'storehouse of the soul,' he justly conceived the seeds of every good and moral action were treasured, and had often lamented that evil tendencies uncorrected, ignorance or prejudice, had power to warp faculties or to deface the semblance of a superior Being, in whose resplendent image we are told man was first created. He had remarked whilst contemplating the smith, that in his visage the workings of the mind had left traces deep and visible.

Perhaps he thought the sensitive tenderness of conscience, which first

creates in the soul a perception of evil, and propels frail mortality to relinquish it, may have ineffectually admonished this person; yet without such innate feeling, men unformed by education rarely refrain from guilt when assailed by strong temptation. Besides, what examples may not this very poor man have had by which to form and regulate his conduct? Early customs or impressions take a deep and lasting root; and the baneful influence of vicious pursuits, the weak indulgence of bad habits undermines the better qualities of the heart, and tinges the character throughout life. Still he hoped the object before him, whose appearance bespoke the villain, was not actually so, as his features contained an indefinable expression to the contrary. To ascertain were his conjectures founded on truth, he determined to enter into a conversation, hoping thereby to discover some traits of character to sanction the good opinion

which, in defiance of the smith's dark morose countenance, he felt inclined to form.

Prefacing his observations by a slight apology, which was sullenly received, for having disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour, the stranger made some inquiries relative to the adjoining neighbourhood, guiding the theme imperceptibly to the immediate concerns and situation of the smith; from whom he learned that a wife and nine children depended on his labour for sustenance; that famine stared them in the face, but was still put to flight by some unexpected aid, as an instance of which the man said—

" My last tenpenny went for meal
" and 'taties yesterday—this good day-
" light saw me penniless—Augh the
" times are hard enough on the poor;
" but I never give up—it's an ill wind
" blows nobody good—accidents may
" happen—your Honour's horse brought
" us the price of our breakfast, and

" more—and sure, like a fool as I am,
" I was near losing the job—for I seldom
" get more than the value of what fire
" and stuff I waste when called up at
" these out-of-the-way hours, so refused
" to stir—till Johnny the wee bairne
" cried for hunger, and it went to my
" heart"——

Turning mechanically into the hut, the speaker closed the door; reflecting on the misery of residing in such a wretched hovel, without the additional aggravation of want, the stranger wished, for the sake of the young family, to give a larger recompence, and taking out his purse, ordered the man to be again summoned. With a lowering brow, and an infant in his arms, the smith re-appeared—

" Come hither, my honest friend," said the stranger, " I wish to remunerate
" you for the trouble you have had with
" my horse—Take this trifle, it will
" procure a dinner for the youngsters,
" without breaking in on what you have

"just now earned; lay that by, and
"with frugality, timely care, and the
"remainder of what you may chance to
"gain, you will, under the superintend-
"ance of Providence, find it more than
"sufficient to supply your wants for
"some days."

At sight of gold, the astonished son of Vulcan grinned terrifically, and exclaimed, "Dheeledthlauive!" (God speed your hand!) looked wildly around, and wistfully into the carriage; then putting down the child, asked to speak two words *privately* with the gentleman. The servants interfered, and refused his request with some alarm; but he persevered, and insisted on two minutes private conference. Attentively surveying him, the stranger ordered the carriage to be opened and beckoned the man to approach. From an idea that he wanted to rob, or perhaps murder their master, the servants still hesitated, but their master was peremptory, would be obeyed, and stepping from the carriage,

walked on a few paces. The hut stood at the corner of a narrow winding lane, into which the farrier hastily turned, desiring the stranger to follow.

Removed from the observation of the servants, and having gained the wished-for opportunity, the smith drew a pistol from under his leathern apron, and looking steadily in the stranger's face, inquired if he were armed. Coolly replying that he was, and desiring to know the object of the question, he learned that a desperate gang of ruffians frequented the road; in a hurried agitated manner the smith whispered—

"Your fellows would hardly let me "speak with your Honour, as if I had "the heart to harm you—If you go on "to Belfast, you will be stopped on the "road—if you turn back, my life must "pay for it—what is best to be done? "they have scouts out, and know you "are coming—if they miss you—they'll "guess I turned informer—and I would "die first." After a thoughtful pause,

he continued, " They are brave fellows
" —and often give me a lift when hard
" pinched, God help me—but think as
" little of killing a man as a dog—Your
" bounty warmed and made me your
" friend—take this pistol—it is a tried
" one—in an *honest* way." He added with
confusion, " It may be of use to your
" Honour one time or other—be upon
" your guard now—but spare the poor
" fellows—and by all means keep my
" secret—or I am a dead man—"

Rejecting the pistol, the stranger took his hand, and forcing his purse into it, said, " Depend on my honour—Keep
" this as a token of gratitude—should I
" escape, you shall see me again—if not,
" be assured, whilst you continue to
" warn the unsuspecting traveller, your
" humanity will bring its own re-
" ward."

The grateful fellow would have refused to accept any further recompence, but the generous stranger who had regained the high road, sprung into his

carriage, which was immediately driven off. Standing to gaze after it, the smith warmly exclaimed—" Guh verrih Dieuh " slaune thuh woohuh."—(God bear you safely from them.)

The intelligence just communicated was of a nature to alarm, and fears arose in the stranger's mind, not for himself, but his servants: their fidelity he doubted not would prompt them to risk their lives in his defence, rather than desert him at an emergency. He would have returned, but the man's declaration that his life must pay the forfeit, prevented his adopting that measure: in all probability the gang were well mounted; if so, they could pursue, and perhaps overtake him, as his horses were already tired; therefore under every circumstance he could not possibly recede: and he trusted that Divine agency would providentially interfere in his behalf. At a little distance from the forge, he desired a strict look-out to be kept, as he apprehended the road was unsafe.

His travelling carriage was a little magazine, and his servants generally rode with holsters; they received his directions with a dauntless smile, saying, their pistols were well primed, and they themselves ready for more than equal combat.

A high hill which they had to ascend fronted them, and proceeding a mile farther they reached the beginning of it: every moment the stranger expected to be surrounded with banditti, but had nearly gained the summit without interruption, when a single horseman appeared in the rear. He rode on, and coming up close beside the carriage, passed, and slackening his pace, suffered himself to be overtaken. His ruffianly appearance determined the stranger to accost him; letting down the window he presented a blunderbuss, saying—"Ride on directly, Sir—or I fire."

His voice caused the outriders to gallop up—the horseman turning suddenly towards the fence at the side of

the rcad, plunged his spurs into the horse, cleared the ditch, and with incredible swiftness fled across the country.

"We are lost," cried the driver, "if we "do not get over this hill afore he re-"turns with his comarades."

He lashed the poor animals who showed their mettle by the spirit with which they gained the eminence, and set off at a full gallop—the stranger arrived at Belfast unmolested. "One "would surely think," cried the drivers whilst conducting the panting animals to the stalls, "that these pure bastes "knew our danger by their speed at the "heel of the hunt, the creatures."

This little adventure had broken the clue of the stranger's reflections, and recollecting the duties he owed to himself and the public, whose lives were endangered by the plunderers from whom he had so recently escaped, he waited upon a magistrate, and gave all the information in his power without implicating the smith. To facilitate the

discovery of the robbers' haunts, he suffered one of his domestics to accompany a party of military sent in pursuit of them, in order to point out the spot where the horseman had disappeared.

On returning to the inn, he ordered a swift horse to be made ready for himself whilst he breakfasted and changed his dress. When equipped for the road, the ostler spoke warmly in praise of a miserable looking rosinante, which he averred to have been a regular bred campaigner, and vowed that he was more fleet than any four-year-old. Although incredulous of these pretensions, the stranger quickly mounted, and retraced unattended the road to the forge. The farrier standing idly at his door, changed colour when his new friend approached; but perceiving he was alone, came forward to meet him.

" I wished either to have seen you " once more, or to have written to you," cried the stranger, before I proceeded on my journey—" to thank you for your

" communication, which I believe was
" perfectly correct. However, I did not
" choose to trust a letter to any mes-
" senger, lest by so doing I might ex-
" cite suspicion. I have not a moment
" to stay, and must be brief. Here are
" bank-notes to the amount of twenty
" pounds. Promise me, should the gang
" escape detection, you will continue to
" render any assistance in your power
" to defeat the schemes of those blood-
" thirsty villains—On these condi-
" tions I will send you a yearly remit-
" tance to prevent your having recourse
" to them for support."

" Och—Fadth seol gchooth ahvau-
" ister—" (long life to you, Sir)—cried
the smith with an agonized look, and
clasping his hands—" And was it for
" the likes of me, yourself ventured here
" alone—and you came back purely to
" sarve me—sure the sojers is chasing
" them—howsomdever they'll escape
" this time—but one of them was here
" this very minute—they half suspected

" me of peaching, becays your Honour's
" servant joined the bloodhounds—they
" sent to pump me—och, it's newens to
" me to be counted a stag—They'll
" murder your Honour in revenge now
" they've ris—for they're right well
" armed—bad scran to them I had well
" nigh said—och, why did you come at
" all—I daren't go back wid you for fear
" of the wife—It's I that had the hard
" fortune to lead your Honour into this
" turmoil—Sure myself would hide you
" in my heart's core, jewel! but how
" can I?"

" Be not alarmed on my account, my
" worthy friend—I have already escaped
" once to-day, and have no doubt of being
" equally fortunate now—at all events I
" must take my chance—farewell! re-
" member our agreement ——"

" That I will your Honour, and may
" God prosper me and mine as I do—
" and that the Blessed One may protect
" your Honour's precious life! but by
" all manner of means keep a strict look-

"out over the hidge on your lift as you "ride back; and "Guh neiree au "lath," (Success attend you) he fervently ejaculated.

The precaution was not unnecessary. Setting off in a smat trot, the stranger perceived a fellow armed with a blunderbuss kneeling behind the hedge—now he thought, all will soon be over—advance or retreat that ruffian's ball will reach me.—As the robber rose to cover his intended victim, I must try the mettle of this famous campaigner, thought the stranger, and turning his horse's head towards the fence, right between him and the robber, kept for above a quarter of a mile passaging in that way, the fellow closely pursuing within, but unable to take proper aim, the head of the animal still securing his rider from the bullet of the assassin. A sudden turn in the road sheltered by a high wall, offered a temptation not to be overlooked; putting the horse to his speed, the stranger escaped, and arriving safely

at the inn, rode directly to the stable where he ordered the ostler carefully to rub down the poor animal, walk him about until perfectly cool, and give him a warm mash. Crossing the stable yard, he perceived a person of gentlemanly appearance, habited in a shooting dress, enter the house at the opposite door; he carried a fowling-piece, which he discharged, then stood a few moments to call his dogs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'Nessun maggior dolore che
Ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

PARTIAL to dogs, the stranger could not but admire those that now surrounded their master: hoping to have met a person, in whose converse he might agreeably beguile the interval until M'Donough's return from the forge, he accosted the sportsman, and learned that the surrounding heath had tempted him to visit the neighbourhood. "I generally find much game on these "mountains," said he, "and never "leave them but with reluctance. Un"expectedly recalled to Dublin on ur"gent business, I am compelled to go "forward immediately, although I had "intended to remain here some weeks

"longer." A conversation ensued, during which the stranger rejoiced at meeting unexpectedly such good company; and willing to prolong the pleasure experienced, threw open the door of the apartment in which he had breakfasted, and requested the sportsman to enter, and partake a luncheon he had previously ordered. Pressing him to comply, he said—

"I am a man of few words—some-"thing unusually prepossessing in your "appearance and address makes me "desirous to improve an acquaintance, "for which, although indebted to acci-"dent, I feel a *presentiment* may be "tolerably permanent—My name, sir, "is Ranger—"

"And mine, Sir," replied the sportsman, with a bow, "is Haugher; your "flattering attention at this moment is "peculiarly acceptable, as I am com-"pletely rusticated by my sojourn in "these wilds; and in your society I "may hope to regain some portion of

" urbanity before my return to the me-
" tropolis, for which place I doubly
" lament being on the wing, as it must
" deprive me of an enjoyment I should
" esteem it a happiness to prolong."

Our hero's reply was prevented by the entrance of a waiter, who informed him his servant had returned, and presenting a letter to Captain Haugher, retired.

" I must be off this moment," said he, starting from his seat, and in a hurried manner apologizing for his abrupt departure, and expressing his regrets with ill-concealed agitation, averring that his reasons were imperative, and would not brook delay. " For the last
" half hour," returned the stranger kindly, " I have meditated a proposal,
" to which should you accede, it will
" confer on me a particular compliment.
" We are both travelling alone—it
" would be our mutual interest to unite
" —together we may finish a journey
" cheered by social communication,

"which separately atchieved, might
"prove tiresome and solitary."

With unaffected warmth, the sportsman replied, "Prompted by inclina-
"tion to accept your kind proposal, I
"have to lament it is not feasible; I
"am so pressed for time, I must in-
"stantly set out; otherwise, there is a
"persuasion in your manner I should
"feel irresistible."

"If that be the only objection," was the reply, "it can be easily obviated
"—my carriage waits. Here, Mar-
"mont," said the stranger, stepping into the hall- "I am impatient to be
"gone."

"Ve vait your comman—mon Seig-
"neur," answered the valet.

"Then have the carriage round in
"two minutes," said his master.

"A much shorter space of time than
"I could possibly have hoped to be ac-
"commodated in," observed the sportsman, "therefore I gratefully acqui-
"esce—" Writing a few lines with a

pencil on the back of the letter he had received, " This is to a *friend;*" said he, " whom I have entreated to take charge " of my faithful followers here, until my " return (alluding to his dogs). It is not " the first time I have similarly tres- ' passed on *her*, therefore I feel confi- " dent my request will be granted."

" I imagined that ' *solitude*,' accord- " ing to Milton, had been your ' best " society,' in this retirement; but now I " apprehend something more companion- " able has deigned to cheer and enlighten " your retreat."

" No ——," replied Haugher, with a suppressed sigh—" But here is your " carriage, I will answer you upon the " road."

The subject thus interrupted, was from motives of delicacy not revived. The travellers rapidly proceeded on their journey—dining and changing horses at the proper stages, and had arrived within a short drive of Dublin, ere the conversation reverted to that

channel. Abruptly addressing his companion, Haugher observed, "I promised "to answer you respecting the lady to "whom I wrote—I have not seen her "for months. To have called her mine, "—was once the acme of my worldly "hopes, to ensure which, I performed "what friendship and truth required— "was deceived, and withdrew from "society in disgust; yet to this *friend* "have I now entrusted my speechless "favourites; though wonderfully intelli- "gent, they cannot feel from her as "their master has, the chilling indif- "ference which blighted his prospects "for ever." After a momentary struggle, he resumed—

"With her I once had hoped that "independence, love matured to friend- "ship, content, retirement, rural quiet, "progressive virtue, and approving "heaven would have been my portion; "it was destined to be otherwise, her "family interfered; I was a younger "son: a rival, whose treasures dazzled

" the hissing multitude, confident of
" success from the prosperity which
" had ever attended him, proposed for,
" and obtained her—I was repulsed
" with scorn!—Since that disappoint-
" ment, my lacerated heart shrinks from
" an intercourse with those once sought,
" once loved—' I am turned wild, a
" commoner of nature; of all forsaken,
" and forsaking all;' to-day for the first
" time, since that abhorred marriage, I
" dared to address her; and my courage,
" like that which arises solely from con-
" stitution, and is devoid of a real sense
" of duty, had nearly deserted me."

He ceased. The stranger, who had felt much interest in a detail of incidents, which, although in some points dissimilar, and but partially revealed, bore in one particular, a strong resemblance to his own situation, now observed, " You have had an afflicting
" trial; but recollect that resignation is
" a virtue of great price; like the ge-
" nerality of the world, I feel it so much

"easier to counsel than to practise, that
"I hardly dare to recommend your en-
"deavouring to accomplish what, in
"your situation, I should most probably
"find more difficult to perform. Yet
"you must forget this syren, and aban-
"don the wandering restless mode of
"life you say you have adopted. Rouse
"your fortitude to the guard and sup-
"port of every other virtue; without
"some exertion, you may insensibly be
"led to deviate from rectitude, and to
"commit actions which, although not
"absolutely criminal, and by you con-
"sidered harmless aberrations, may
"tend to corrupt your morals, and cast
"a lasting reproach on your name.
"Pardon my warmth," he added, as
Haugher with augmented agitation
caught his hand, and said, "No more—
"no more—In mercy spare me—we
"must part this moment; but ere I
"go, as some of the out-lines of my
"eventful life have been confided to
"you, suffer me to convince you of the

"opinion I have formed of your good-
"ness, your magnanimity, by intrusting
"you with a secret which, if divulged,
"would prove my utter ruin; yet I
"hesitate to unfold what I know must
"deprive me of your acquaintance.
"But degraded as I am, I will not again
"voluntarily play the hypocrite, and
"add simulation to my other crimes.
"Haugher is but my *nom de guerre*—in
"me behold Murray, Captain or leader
"of the Heath Rangers. You now
"perceive the absolute necessity for
"my precipitate retreat from the place
"where I had the honour and happi-
"ness to meet you."

Regaining composure, he added, "I
"have twice narrowly escaped within
"the last twenty-four hours—mine is
"an ardent adventurous disposition,
"which too often leads me into scrapes.
"Last night, for instance, at Glenarm-
"castle, I made one of Lord Clanroy's
"guests, although uninvited; but do not
"think the worse of me for intruding

"without a ticket. Masquerading is a
"description of amusement, of which
"I conceive that any gentleman, who
"through bribery or stratagem can gain
"admission, is perfectly at liberty to
"partake."

Hitherto immoveable from astonishment, the stranger now mentally acknowledged that he could not challenge the justice of this remark, and Murray continued—

"On this principle I boldly ventured,
"and obtained for my partner, one of
"the loveliest girls in the rooms, the
"Earl's daughter; I believe I was re-
"cognized; she was instructed, and
"delicately hinted, I was better known
"than I desired to be. With good
"nature, infinitely preferable to her
"other attractions, she assisted me to
"effect my escape. From the pleasure-
"grounds I crossed the fields, and by
"short cuts well known to me, arrived
"at Belfast at the moment you rode in.
"A considerable reward is offered for

"my apprehension, and although closely
"pursued, I have hitherto escaped—
"now, completely at your mercy, I
"still feel secure that I have confided
"in a man of honour. I must, how-
"ever, bid you farewell, affected by the
"liveliest emotions of regret, that my
"wayward and stormy fate debars me
"from entertaining a hope, should we
"ever meet again, that you could conde-
"scend to recognise in me an acquaint-
"ance — farewell——" he repeated,
whilst the stranger made no resistance
to the fervent pressure which accom-
panied Murray's parting adieus.

Bewildered at Murray's unexpected
disclosure and rapid flight, our hero re-
tained but an indistinct recollection
of what had passed. The noise of wheels
on the pavement recalled him from the
reverie into which he had fallen. Night
was closing in fast, as the carriage drew
up in Sackville-street, at Bilton's hotel:
much fatigued, he soon retired to his
chamber.

CHAPTER XIX.

'En pensant qu'il faut oublier, on s'en souvient.'

REFLECTIONS on the complicated events of the preceding eight-and-forty hours, chased that repose from the stranger's pillow he sought to obtain. He wished to emulate the fortitude he had enjoined to the unfortunate Murray, but without effect; a passion which, under its supposed form, religion and morality forbade his indulging, had now taken deeper root. Moralizing on the inconsistency of his actions, he remembered how effectually he had for the present defeated the ends of justice by removing Murray in safety from the reach of his pursuers, at the very moment his best endeavours were given to detect the gang. The impropriety, the folly of suffering himself to be captivated

by an attractive exterior, was now most keenly felt; and making numberless prudent resolves quite incompatible with his unsuspecting character to maintain, he sunk into a profound sleep, and a late hour the ensuing morning found him dreaming of out-laws, caverns, and banditti.

Having risen, he saw in the newspapers of the day, that a celebrated vocal performer was that evening to take a benefit; highly interested in her favour, he sauntered to the theatre, and from the appearance of the box-sheet, was not sorry to find the promise of a crowded house. After a late dinner, he repaired thither, but could not obtain accommodation in the lower boxes, he was therefore glad to secure a place in the second tier, where two gentlemen politely made room for him. The first and second acts had concluded, yet he was still in time to hear—'Dear harp of my country'—most sweetly warbled by the fair songstress of the night.

'Whilst with village maids I stray,' was the next song that succeeded the national melody; it was rapturously applauded and *encored*, and afforded a topic for his companions, who, unasked, gave him every particular they knew or could fancy to be the young lady's motives for attempting a profession so arduous, describing her as an accomplished pleasing girl. They also spoke of the great wealth once in the lady's family, and mentioned her father as having been one of those original characters, which illumine poor Erin once in a century; but of a genius too speculative to ensure the permanency of his own prosperity.

"Were you ever at Liverpool, Sir?" inquired one of the communicative gentlemen; without waiting a reply, he continued, "I was, at the very time ——— was in his zenith. All the talents of the day were entertained at his table; to his generous heart, that a stranger in the town was his country-

man, was a sufficient introduction; and if their subsequent conduct did not disgrace the recommendation, his house was ever open to them. Such was his patriotism, that when visited by an illustrious personage, whom he had the honour to entertain at dinner, he sent to this city for beef, to display to his Royal Highness the superior meat Ireland could produce. Poor fellow! Fortune has since frowned on his family; but as she is a fickle goddess, and her wheel always turning, she may smile again.

The deep gloom which had overspread the stranger's mental faculties upon leaving Glenarm-castle, had been dispersed by the adventure at the forge. and rencontre with Murray: his subsequent feelings combined to detach his thoughts from a subject which the lights and company now strongly brought to his recollection. The figure of the ideal Lady Llancharne appeared in his 'fancy's eye,' as he last had seen her;

but 'memory who feeds that source whence tears for ever flow,' also reminded him, she was the wife of another—consequently could not be his—and that to think of her was fallacious, if not guilty.

The entertainment being nearly at an end, the audience prepared to disperse: at parting from his loquacious neighbours, who had civilly attended him to the green-room, and from thence to the outer door, his courteous "good night," was echoed with a sigh, by a voice near them. The tones were those of Murray: and, turning with surprise, he beheld him, but the glimpse was momentary: a beautiful young woman leaned upon his arm; he wore a great coat *à la militaire*; a black silk handkerchief tied carelessly round his neck partly concealed his face; yet transient as was the view, our hero perfectly recognized him, and felt unutterable astonishment at his venturing into a place of such public resort.

The crowd pressed forward—he lost sight of Murray. Although revealed in confidence, and under circumstanc which almost precluded discovery, I felt alarm for Murray's safety combin with apprehension, that in screening an acknowledged marauder, he was guilty of a violation of duty, and was conniving with one whose vices or misfortunes had driven him from society. Agitated by these contending fears unwilling to act to the detriment of public weal for any individual, he yet reflected, that in Murray's ingenuous confession, there was a native greatness of mind, which he ardently hoped had hitherto prevented his committing any of the atrocities familiar to his fraternity; and he trusted, that although sullied by crime, he was not inaccessible to repentance and reformation.

Therefore leaving Murray to him, 'whose nature and property is ever to have mercy, and to forgive! and who desires not the death of a sinner, but

rather that he turn from his wicked-
ness and live,' the stranger repaired
to the hotel, and retired to rest in fer-
vent gratitude to that Being, whose
mercy alone had made him so to differ
from the unfortunate object of his con-
templation.

THE END OF VOL. I.

Printed by T. C. HANSARD, Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, London.